

THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

OCTOBER, 1829.

THE DUKE OF FRIEDLAND'S PAGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE trumpet's martial flourish was heard beneath the splendid dome of the Duke of Friedland's palace, and at the sound all that Prague could boast of rank and beauty eagerly crowded to the festive scene, where a thousand tapers shed their rich light upon the gorgeous profusion of whatever could gratify the eye of taste, or tempt the palate of luxury. The magnificent marble staircase was lined, and the lofty folding-doors were flanked, by halberdiers, armed, with partizans, in dresses of sky-blue velvet and gold; while pages, still more splendidly attired, were to be seen hurrying through spacious halls and gilded apartments, in obedience to their master's commands. A host of domestics stood by the side-boards, laden with fruit, waiting upon the nods of the guests, as they entered to open the ball. When Count Harach, the duke's high chamberlain, gave the signal, the trumpets ceased, and the violins, hautboys, and flutes struck up; the dance began, and couple after couple whirled gracefully round the vast arena, to the slow measure of a charming *Allemande*.

Many a fair form shone there in the full lustre of innocence and beauty; but superior to all in winning smiles and attractive person was Mathilde, Countess Terzka, the duke's niece. It was her sixteenth birth-day which the duke now celebrated, and accordingly she was recognized as the queen of the feast. Except his own daughter, Maria Elizabeth, now thirteen years old, Mathilde and her mother were the only members of his family whose society he relished, and who were able to cheer him, during his hours of relaxation from public business.

The duke sat in an elbow chair, richly covered with velvet, on a raised platform, at the upper end of the hall: the duchess sat beside him; and while he seemed to look with interest at the dancers, his suite, composed of veteran officers and Bohemian nobility, stood in profound silence around. He spoke not, except now and then to the old Countess of Terzka. At the opposite side of the hall, two figures, forming a singular contrast, though both, apparently, alike, were standing by the fire-place, absorbed in deep thought. The stature of one was short, and he wore a

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black Spanish dress ; his temples were shaded with a few scanty hairs, and a short silver-hilted sword hung by his side. In his hand he held a cap, surmounted by crumpled plumes, and his looks were mild, but uncommonly solemn. At first he appeared to watch the ingress of beauty and fashion with much curiosity, but when the company had assembled he seemed to take no notice, but kept his eyes in a straight-forward direction.

The other was a youth of about eighteen. His blue velvet doublet, richly embroidered with gold, bespoke him one of the duke's pages ; while the gold chain which hung round his neck indicated that he was a favourite with his master, and had shared with him the dangers of the tented field. He was uncommonly tall for his age ; and his parted flaxen hair hung down in long ringlets on his shoulders ; his dark blue eyes were now pensively fixed on the ground, and it was difficult to determine whether his countenance at this moment, glowing with the bloom of youth, was more expressive of joy or sorrow. Whenever Mathilde Terzka happened to flit close by him, his eyes sparkled with unwonted ardour ; but the fair vision had no sooner passed than they were bent on the ground as if he dare not permit them to follow that seraph-like figure.

On one occasion, just as Countess Mathilde was moving past, the little man gently tapped the page on the shoulder. "George," said he, as the youth turned round, rather peevishly, "I think Countess Terzka—that is, the elder—is looking out for you. Go to her, and, if you can get a hearing, tell her I am about to withdraw. This is an important night—look, she beckons you."

"And my own constellation, Master Seni?" inquired the youth.

"Is, I dare say, friend Rothkirch," replied Seni, "more visible, at this moment, in your heart than in the firmament. But be gone."

The page obeyed, and the countess left the hall, having desired George to follow her to her private closet. He attended her summons full of expectation ; but his mind grew calm when she presented him with a large key which she selected from many others, and desired him to proceed, unperceived, to the little gate which led to the Capuchin convent. "If a man on horseback," she added, affably, "come, and gives you the word, 'Gitschin,' show him up the private stairs into his highness's green closet, and return to the hall. Your re-appearance will serve me as an answer. Go," she continued, in a tone of extreme kindness, "and wrap yourself up in a cloak, for the night is stormy."

As he passed through the court-yard toward the street, he could distinctly hear the sounds of revelry wafted on the wind from the palace, and as it indicated the commencement of a lively waltz, he could not help ejaculating, "I wonder whether the Italian is again her partner!" but, as there was no possibility of satisfying himself of the fact, he wrapped the cloak closer about him, and seated himself on a stone post, at the corner of the alley leading to the Capuchin convent. It was a moonlight but a tempestuous night, and the wind howled, and the weathercocks creaked; but *he* heard nothing, except the sound of music, in the duke's magnificent hall, and he thought of nothing but Mathilde.

He had not sat long when he heard steps approach through the alley by the Capuchin convent. He started up, laid his hand on his sword, and concealed himself in a recess of the porch. The steps came nearer. Two persons, wrapped up in cloaks, passed close by him, and suddenly stopped. "I am sure he is at the duke's fête," said one of them, in a low voice. "At all events, father, it will be time enough to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" said the other, "why not to-day? At the fête we should be most welcome."

"It is too late to night," said the younger. "Come, or else we are likely to find the Golden Grape shut. Do not be in such a hurry, father. Vengeance will surely overtake him."

At this moment the moon broke brightly through the clouds, and, as it threw its light on the strangers, George beheld the face of a youth, scarcely more than a boy, who clung dejectedly to the arm of an elderly man. They were now retracing their steps. Who could they be? "Unfortunate wanderers," thought the page, as he resumed his seat on the stone; "but then they spoke of revenge." The idea startled him. Could their menace relate to the duke, his benefactor? No, they spoke of some guest at the palace, and therefore George's alarm subsided, for in these eventful times such wanderers could excite no surprise, unless danger was immediately apprehended.

The music, which approached him at intervals, now ceased altogether, and his thoughts reverted to Mathilde. "Strange fatuity!" he suddenly cried, starting on his feet, "had I but sense enough to banish those thoughts from my breast, how much more happy would I be." Saying this, he walked briskly up and down on the pavement, and thought of Dessau Bridge, where he had performed his first feat of arms, and where he received from Wallenstein the golden chain he wore.

The trampling of a horse now aroused him from his reverie, and presently a man came up in full gallop. "Stop, friend," cried George, "the word!"

"Gitschin," replied the horseman, leaping from his saddle. "Master Rothkirch," he continued, "conduct me quickly to his highness; for I am the bearer of good news."

"I am glad of it, Master Sesyna," the page replied, as he led him through the gate. "You know I am one of the faithful; and devoted with heart and soul to the house of Count Terzka, your patron."

"Come along, youngster," said Sesyna, smiling, "I do not, by any means, doubt your attachment to the noble Terzka family. I think we know each other." He gave him a hearty shake by the hand, and had but the moon peeped a little treacherously athwart the clouds, Master Sesyna must have perceived the page's deep blushes.

CHAPTER II.

On entering the hall the eye of Rothkirch soon met that of the elder Countess Terzka: she comprehended his meaning, and immediately whispered a few words in the duke's ear. Wallenstein appeared to take no notice of her communication; but in a few minutes he arose, beckoned Count Harach, and signified his commands that the music was to be resumed.

"Don Balthazar," said the duke, turning round to Maradas, who immediately stepped forth, respectfully, from among the crowd of nobles, "have you no tidings of Tilly or of the snow king? both their armies, I believe, are in Saxony."

"So it appears, from the intelligence which your highness was pleased to communicate to me a few days ago," replied Maradas, somewhat significantly.

"That you should not be in possession of more precise intelligence than what you had from me," rejoined the duke, and his mouth curled with a sneering smile, "surprises me. Surely, the emperor's generalissimo ought to know better the situation of the enemy's army than I, who am living retired, as a private man, under that generalissimo's protection."

Don Balthazar bowed without making any reply.

"Count Harach," said the duke, loud enough for all to hear, "I am going to withdraw for a few moments. Let the fete, however, proceed." And, with a slight inclination of the head, to the company, he passed through the throng of guests, and left the hall.

In the meantime George's eyes had been impatiently traversing the hall in search of Mathilde, but for some time without success. At length he saw her, standing in the recess of a high arched window, in earnest conversation with the Marquis del Guasto; and his heart beat tumultuously, as he involuntarily made a motion to approach them. At that moment old Count Adam Terzka appeared from the depth of the recess, and led his daughter into the midst of the assembly, just as the duke had quitted the hall. The music was once more resumed, and Mathilde whirled along through the delightful mazes of the dance, but, to George's great delight, not as the partner of the marquis. This was some relief; but, before his active fancy could conjure up any new image of distress, the Countess Terzka beckoned him to her, and in a low voice said—"Rothkirch, light me along." He bowed, took up a candle, and proceeded before her, through a suite of state apartments. "George," said the old lady, pleasantly, when they were near the duke's chamber, "what makes you so thoughtful at so gay a feast? You appear to be in a constant reverie; and dreams, you know, seldom come to pass." So saying, she entered her room.

"Dreams seldom come to pass!" ejaculated George. "You are right, old lady; my dreams will, I fear, *never* come to pass;" and he slowly returned to the hall. The merry waltz was still going on, and he took his station in a retired corner, where he had not been long when Mathilde hurried by him. Two roses dropped from her bosom on the ground: he quickly snatched them up, and approaching her respectfully, just as she made a stop, handed her the flowers.

"I thank you," said the lady, extending her hand to regain the roses; but, either from impatience or design, she turned aside so quickly that one of the flowers remained in the page's hand. George thought she slightly blushed, and a thrill of delight shot through his heart.

He left the room, and took a turn in the palace yard. The rose was pressed close to his heart; and as his eyes were in a fit of abstraction, turned towards heaven, he perceived a dim light, emitted from the casement of a small room, in the eastern turret. "To-night or never!" he cried; and, gently opening a low gate, which stood ajar, he ascended a spiral staircase. When arrived at a small door, he paused for a moment or two, and then gave a gentle knock. "Who is there?" demanded a peevish voice.

"George Rothkirch," replied the youth. "Open the door, good master—"

"Restrain your impatience," interrupted Seni, "I am now engaged."

Knowing Master Seni's ways, George sat down on the steps, and, while all around was profound silence, he had need of patience. One quarter of an hour succeeded another, and still the master intimated no intention of opening his door; and the page had too much respect for his science to interrupt the astrologer, a second time, in his meditations. The clock of the Capuchin convent struck one; but still all was quiet. "If you will not remove the veil," thought George, "I must indulge in other dreams;" and taking the rose out of his bosom, he pressed it to his heart, then to his lips, thought of Mathilde, and fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER III.

"Well then, Sesyna," said the duke, after having ascertained that the door of the apartment was securely bolted, "what news do you bring?"

"News which, I trust, will not be disagreeable to your highness. Tilly has been totally defeated near Leipzig, has retreated on Halberstad, and his army has been completely routed."

"Good," said Wallenstein.

"Field-marshal Arnim, who greets your highness, charged me with this letter, which contains mere general civilities."

"Be brief," interrupted the duke.

"And directed me verbally—" continued Sesyna.

"Didn't *the king* give you any thing?" interrupted Wallenstein, impatiently.

"This missive for your highness," said the loquacious messenger, handing the duke a letter.

"Simpleton!" cried the duke, angrily, as he snatched the letter and tore it open. Joy glistened on his countenance as he perused the epistle; and then turning kindly to Sesyna, said, "Gustavus promises to send Count Thurn with twelve thousand troops: then—but no more of that. You must return this very night. Where do you expect to meet with the king?"

"On the road to Franconia."

"Good; he wants to get hold of Maximilian, the haughty Bavarian. And where may Arnim be?"

"On the road to Silesia," answered Sesyna.

"No such thing, no such thing," cried the duke; and at the instant three gentle taps were heard at the door. Wallenstein knew the signal; pushed back the bolt, and Countess Terzka

entered. "I am glad you are come," said the duke, handing her the letter."

"Is Arnim to enter Silesia?" the countess asked, after having perused the despatch.

"No," replied the duke, after a short pause; "he shall march to Bohemia. To him you are to repair first," he continued, turning to Sesyna. "Tell him, in my name, to advance upon Prague, and he shall encounter no resistance. Let him send Thurn, with the promised twelve thousand men, to Silesia. Schafgotsh, Goetz, and myself will be there. But," he continued, after making a few turns through the room, "the king must not send me Swedish and Weimar troops only; he must let me have, also, a couple of regiments of Saxons; then the elector will be for ever detached from the court of Vienna."

"Will your highness not give me an answer in writing?"

"No," Wallenstein roughly replied. "Should the Austrians catch you with such a letter they would hang you. Neither would my head or Terzka's be safe. No, no; I don't put my hand to paper."

"But will not the king be offended, and justly so, at your paying so little attention to politeness?" said the countess. "He has written to you first, and you don't think it worth your while to send him an answer, or perhaps *dare not venture*."

"*Dare not venture!*" cried Wallenstein.

"But your highness," said Sesyna, by way of remonstrance.

"Mr. Sesyna von Riesenburg," interrupted the duke, in an imperious tone, his eyes sparkling with anger, and his mouth curling with that scornful smile peculiar to him when he felt his superiority to others, "no remarks. You know my will. I don't want advice. First to Field-marshal Arnim, and next to the king. You are acquainted with my intentions, and you will meet me again at Gitschin."

He waved his hand, and the countess lighted Sesyna down the private staircase.

"Seni," whispered the messenger, as they descended.

"You are right," replied the countess, "but there is no help for it. We, too, must swim against the current. Make the best of your way, and return speedily."

On rejoining the duke, she found him sitting at the table, in deep thought, with his head buried in the palms of his hands. "The knowledge of man," said the duke to himself, "is but scanty; his will is shackled; his destinies are controlled by the stars, and chance is his arbiter. Ah! Countess Terzka," he con-

tinued, seeing her standing at the door, "I am loth to call a domestic, and as Rothkirch is not in the way, will you be kind enough to send Seni to me. I need his services at this important moment; this night may decide my fate."

"What can Seni do?" the countess asked. "Have you not just decided? Sesyna has departed; your determination cannot now be altered, let the stars portend what they will. Though you should be displeased with me," the countess proceeded, "I will once more express my doubts of this Italian, who came from Ferdinand's court; Seni, too, was once the friend of the Jesuits, and, in spite of your own better judgment, you are trusting in this charlatan's pretended knowledge of the fallacious influence of the stars." "Have the goodness to withdraw, and send Seni hither," said Wallenstein, with calm earnestness; and the countess, who was under the necessity of submitting to his inflexible will, proceeded to summon the odious astrologer with whom the duke was in the habit of holding nightly consultations.

CHAPTER IV.

Full dressed, as she was, the countess proceeded, with a dark-lantern in her hand, through a long passage, to the turret, where Master Seni resided. On reaching the top of the staircase, she was not a little startled on discovering a person asleep, at the door of that sanctuary, which no one dared approach unless expressly called for. Cautiously holding the light to the sleeper's face, she saw, with surprise, that it was Rothkirch, and seeing in his hand the rose, which he pressed to his bosom, she smiled, stooped down, and took away the flower, before she gently knocked at the astrologer's door. "I am a coming, youngster," said the master, carefully opening the door; but his surprise was excessive on seeing the countess, who, pointing to the sleeping page, indicated that he was to keep silence, while she, in a suppressed voice, communicated to him the duke's commands. Seni bowed submissively, then locked the door and followed the countess, leaving George to enjoy his slumbers.

"I have been observing some auspicious constellations, this evening," said Seni, as they proceeded through the long corridor. "Mars was in the most favourable conjunction with Jupiter. Something of great importance has taken place this morning, about two hours past midnight."

"It is possible," replied the countess, with a sigh.

"That, in which my gracious lord has embarked this day, will bring him fortune," continued Seni.

"I should hardly think so," was the countess's answer.

"You, my lady countess, place no faith in the influence of the stars," said Seni, "I know you do not; and yet I have cast your horoscope."

"Well, and what has it told you?" asked the countess, with an affected air of seriousness.

"Allow me to pass that over in silence," said the astrologer. "Fate often kindly spreads a veil over the future, which becomes visible to the initiated in the mysteries of nature; to the believing only it unfolds itself by way of warning." Saying this, he descended the private staircase, and left the countess alone in the cloistered passage.

"Singular!" she said to herself, "although I have, all along, considered those mysterious pretensions as nothing but jugglery and deception, still the Italian's words have most marvellously affected me. Indeed, he who stands so near the crater of the volcano, as we do, is frightened at the least rustling, even at the breeze that blows about his head. But this rose which I took from the sleeping youth," she continued; "can it be? Oh yes, yes; it is one of those which Guasto sent my daughter yesterday, and the present was the more valuable, since roses are among scarce flowers at this time of the year."

She had now passed through the illuminated apartments, and entered the grand hall, where the music was still alive. The duke's absence had caused no interruption to the revelry; for, knowing his custom to retire at an early hour, nobody had taken any particular notice of his departure.

On entering, the countess found Mathilde standing hand in hand with the little Maria Elizabeth, before the duchess. Mathilde was listening attentively to the words of the illustrious lady, while Maria seemed scarcely able to endure the tedious wisdom of her mother, particularly as she was eager to mix again with the merry dancers. Countess Terzka joined them, carelessly presented the rose to her daughter, who, covered with blushes, kissed the maternal hand, and was preparing some words of apology, when the Marquis del Guasto approached the ladies. "Who," he asked, with a particular emphasis, "was so *fortunate* as to find the dropped rose?"

"My kind mother, my lord marquis," answered Mathilde, "and I am happy in receiving it from one so dear," and she once more kissed her mother's hand. On raising her head, Rothkirch stood before her, staring with fixed and almost fierce looks at the rose, which she, with eyes modestly cast down, was replacing in her bosom, amongst the other flowers.

CHAPTER V.

The guests had retired ; the hall was empty, and only a few lights were yet burning, but Rothkirch still stood leaning against a pillar, his eyes fixed on the door, at which Mathilde, on withdrawing, had turned round, and, as his fond imagination thought, cast on him a look of tenderness. In that look George read hope, and his active fancy was conjuring up her image and all its fond associations, when the steward entered for the purpose of extinguishing the remaining lights. Apprized by the appearance of the domestic of the lateness of the hour, and of his own loneliness, he slowly ascended to his chamber, but sleep could not weigh his anxious eyelids down ; and recollecting the promises of the astrologer, he resolved to tempt fate, and, if possible, discover his destiny from the star-gazing Italian. The turret was soon regained, but the door was closed. He knocked, but received no answer, and had some thoughts of returning, when a ray of light shot up the spiral staircase, and presently the master stood before him, with a little lanthorn in his hand.

"What !" he cried, "still here ? You have had your sleep out, and I'll go now to enjoy mine."

"No, master," said George, impetuously, "you have promised often to cast my horoscope, and this day, I am conscious, is an important one in my life. This day a *favorable* chance bestowed much on me, and an *insidious* one again bereft me of it. This day, I beseech you, this instant, cast it for me."

Master Seni once more threw the light of his lanthorn on the youth's glowing face, and he smiled, as he drew forth a key and opened the door of his apartment. "Come in, youngster," he said, "your wishes shall be fulfilled." George willingly obeyed, and while Seni was occupied in an adjoining room, he had an opportunity of examining the astrologer's *sanctum sanctorum*. Books, charts, and astronomical instruments were lying on several small tables, and a vast *Zodiack* ran all round the vaulted ceiling. In the four corners of the room human skeletons were placed, and on the high mantelpiece stood several quaint wooden images, the offspring of capricious fancy. All else was, as usual in the study of an abstract philosopher, chaos and dust : the master quickly appeared, with his head uncovered, and his entire figure wrapped in a wide black gown, confined round his waist with a broad gold belt. In his hand he held a little white wand. Without further ceremony he took his station, and having regarded George for some time with deep searching looks, said—"Two elementary spirits, subordinate to the control of the Supreme Being, who holds

the sway of the universe in his mighty hand, rule our destiny. The one directs it in the contracted circle of *internal*, the other in the more extended one of *external* life. Both lead man, on different paths, to the two extremes of his pilgrimage on earth ; to prosperity or adversity ; to heaven or to hell. They often meet with each other at the goal, but more frequently they do not.—George Rothkirch ! you, who now stand before me, demanding the secrets of futurity, say, which of the two spirits do you wish me to consult ? they are both alike obedient to my call.”

“Him who guides my innermost being,” replied Rothkirch, and a shudder came over him as he spoke. The astrologer’s lip slightly curled with a commiserating smile ; and he again entered the adjoining room.—When he returned, after a momentary absence, the youth stood before him, sorrowful, and absorbed in deep thought, with his hand pressed on his heart.

“George Rothkirch !” exclaimed Seni, and the youth started, “you would conjure the spirit that abides in your heart, to reveal to me what passes in its innermost recesses ; and, for that purpose, you, unconsciously, press your hand to it ; but that is useless. He beams in the spiritual *eye*. There, he has already informed me what it is that weighs upon your mind. The geni of the wide eternal world communes with me, through the medium of the stars, and he of eternal life speaks to me, through the stars in the eye. I have inquired of both—your horoscope is cast.” Rothkirch became all anxiety, and made a movement as if to approach the astrologer, but Seni beckoned him to be quiet, and proceeded. “The force by which man is magically chained to man, which attracted me to you from the first moment I saw you, compels me to withdraw the veil : be silent, and listen.”

He raised the wand, and waved it above his head, and, while extended over the human skeleton placed in the eastern corner, he ardently fixed his large dark eye on the youth, and proceeded to repeat the jargon of his craft. “On, knight-errant, on !” he cried ; “climb cliffs and rocks ; plunge into the foaming surges of the ocean ; fight giants and dragons ; climb up, climb down ; and behold the rose on the eminence yonder. It wants only a bold leap across the steep gulph which separates it from you. I congratulate you,” he continued ; “the task is accomplished. It inclines towards you ; extend your hand towards it. And now, in kindness, drop the veil, benign spirit !” said Seni ; and his wand sank down, and his eyes rested mournfully on the youth.

“No, no, lift it up,” George cried, with enthusiasm, and his blood rolled turbulently through his veins, “lift it up again, master.

But the astrologer had sat down, exhausted. "Youth," he said, in a tone of deep emotion, "let *this* suffice for to-day. That which is still hidden behind the veil is the business of the other spirit. Your *inward* life is identified with your *external* one, and on the latter I must now be silent. This, however, I am allowed to tell you. Repair about the ninth hour of the ensuing morning to the inn, the sign of the Golden Grape; there you will meet with a friendly hand, that will be your auxiliary in getting near the rose."

"The sign of the Golden Grape!" repeated George, and he thought of the two muffled figures of the preceding evening. "I shall then possess her!" he ejaculated, as he left the astrologer's apartment; but the words had hardly passed his lips, when a voice exclaimed from the top of the turret, "Never!"

"Never!" repeated George, in horror, as he hurried to his apartment.

(To be continued.)

THE LADY OF ILKDALE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS GREENWOOD.

BRIGHT as an angel-vision burst

That form, those features, on my view,
Musing like Eve, created first,
Ere guilt or grief she knew.

And, like a dream of Eden's bowers,
In beauty lay the landscape round;
The air was like the breath of flowers,
Whispering a dulcet sound.

The vale, in fruitful verdure dight,
The rivulet, as crystal clear—
The hills, receding from the sight,
The sylvan shelter near;—

The sky, a waveless azure sea,
Meet emblem of the heaven it veiled:—
What spirit but must raptured be
That such a scene inhaled?

Yet music—fragrance—mountain—plain—
Thick grove—pure stream—and cloudless sky—
Invited one more glance in vain,
With that sweet lady by.

There is an all-absorbing spell,
That will not let attention rove,
In woman's features, when they tell
Of virtues all must love.

Fast in the trace of charms divine
From sight created, that can flow;
But mirrored there, more bright they shine
Than in all else below.

THE PROTEGÉE.

(Concluded from page 168.)

"Now the captain had been told that morning by his garrulous companion, James Archer, the gamekeeper, that it was reported there was a young gentleman in the neighbourhood who had some pretensions to Margaret's affections, which information determined him to 'lay close siege immediately, and to cut the youngster out;' for 'what business had a country booby with Sir Roger Blount's niece when Hugh Whitbourne was in the way!' Margaret's ready reply, however, something startled him, and telling her she was a fair unbeliever, he withdrew, with an air *au desespoir*, to another window.

"This, Margaret thought, was too ridiculous; she therefore asked Captain Whitbourne, in rather a heightened voice, 'If he had been successful to-day.' 'Not at all,' he replied; 'shocking bad luck.' 'No luck,' said the drowsy baronet, roused by the loud tone in which the captain spoke, 'no luck! why James told me you bagged twenty brace of birds.' 'Oh, that's nothing!' said the captain, 'I expected to kill all, but I missed *one*,' (with a strong emphasis,) 'and I am disappointed.' 'I hope you may never meet with any worse disappointments,' said the baronet, sulkily, and added, 'I wish, Margaret, you would not speak so loud when I am napping: leave the room, and give Captain Whitbourne your portfolio of drawings to look at.' 'I will stay and show them, sir.' 'No, get you gone, you noisy animal, I have not finished my nap,' said the baronet, in a tone of decided ill-temper.

"It happened that Margaret had left in this portfolio several profiles of Arthur Middleton, on which she had employed her pencil, endeavouring to trace, in his absence, some resemblance to the handsome original. Captain Whitbourne turned over the rude efforts of an untaught hand with the contempt of an experienced connoisseur, rendered more bitter by the indifference with which Margaret had received his advances, and the decided manner in which she had rejected them. He allowed the baronet to doze his full time, then, throwing the profiles carelessly on the table, he said, 'Your niece is clever in this way, Sir Roger.' 'Eh, eh, did she do these, eh? who is this? don't know him! must inquire!'

"The servant was desired to send Miss Margaret Blount to Sir Roger immediately. 'Pray,' said he, looking his fiercest, as she came into the room, 'did you do these things?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And who are they meant to represent?' Margaret bit

her lip, but directly answered, 'Mr. Arthur Middleton, one of Mr. Worthington's pupils.' 'What, old citizen Beresford's protégée? take them out of my sight; why, you are not fancying him for a sweetheart, are you, child?' he added, seeing Margaret's face and neck suffused with a blush that rivalled the crimson of the window curtains; and observing her about to make her escape he detained her to tell her, with a delicacy peculiar to himself, 'that he wished her to understand, in the presence of Captain Whitbourne, that she was too much of a chit to be thinking of such stuff; and, moreover, if he knew she was acquainted with any of Beresford's set, he should soon cut acquaintance with her.'

"Margaret left the room unable to speak; and Captain Whitbourne, having discovered the object of the lady's attachment and her uncle's sentiments upon it, determined to finish the mischief he had begun, and soon commenced a conversation with the baronet, in which he talked of the antiquity of his family, and lamented the insufficiency of his fortune to support the ancient splendour of the Whitbourne's; then adroitly turned to the beauty and fertility of Sir Roger's estates. 'Yes, the estates are well enough, but you see there is no heir, there is not a male of our name living; if Margaret were a good girl, indeed—but she is not a good girl; a disobedient, unmanageable jade—old Beresford's boy to be selected for her favourite indeed!' said the discomfited baronet. 'My dear sir,' said Captain Whitbourne, 'banish these unpleasant thoughts, a mere girlish fancy, which, if you will allow me, I will undertake to cure her of.'

"The hero and the baronet exchanged glances, and both being satisfied, by that glance, of each other's intentions, Sir Roger said, solemnly, 'You have my free consent and approbation, captain,' while the latter immediately proposed to adjourn to the drawing-room. They there found the ladies assembled, and Margaret making tea, an office which, under any circumstances, she would as soon have thought of deserting as a general his post. Captain Whitbourne, with the most consummate address, soon began a conversation, *sotte voce*, with her: 'he was sorry to have been the cause of any unpleasant feeling between her and Sir Roger; wished to be introduced to the gentleman who had given rise to so many pretty creations of her pencil; it was a very fine head, quite a study for the craniologists, and ought to be modelled.'

"Margaret was completely won over by the kindness and frankness of his manner, and seeing her case was desperate, so far as

the baronet was concerned, she thought that to make a friend of Captain Whitbourne would be wise and politic, because he appeared, now that he knew the state of her feelings, a perfectly disinterested party, and because he might, perhaps, have some influence in softening the prejudices of her uncle. She told him, therefore, candidly, 'that Arthur Middleton was preparing for the bar, and was not at present in the neighbourhood, which would prevent her making him known to the captain, though she was sure an introduction would be an acquisition to both parties.'

"Having effected a reconciliation so easily, the hero retired to his chamber, and dreamed of the time when, instead of sleeping at Oldfield as a visitor, he should rise every day its master. Every succeeding day served but to raise him higher in Margaret's opinion; the kindness and consideration with which he treated her were alike new and welcome, and the delicacy, to say nothing of the self-forbearance, with which he led the conversation to the subject most interesting to her, (the talents, taste, and virtues of Arthur Middleton,) she was willing fully to appreciate; so that when the time came for the captain to take leave, it was not without sincere regret that Margaret bade him adieu.

"After his departure the hours lagged heavily, and she flew to resources to which she had often before had recourse, her pen and her pencil. As for the soldier, he lost no time in reporting to his friends that he had Sir Roger Blount's free consent to marry his niece, with whom he had passed some days in the most agreeable manner; nor was it long before the ill news reached Arthur Middleton: a busy friend told him of all the rumours that Captain Whitbourne's ingenuity had set afloat, by which the whole course of poor Arthur's studies was upset, and needlessly, because, however great might be his chagrin at the intelligence, he had no means of redress, for his acquaintance with Margaret he was forced to acknowledge was entirely clandestine.

"When the Christmas vacation arrived it was with very different feelings to those he had anticipated that Arthur found himself again at Beech Lodge; the whole aspect of the place seemed changed, and his friends' troublesome kindness was become intolerable. More than usually annoyed by their inquiries, he walked out one frosty morning with his gun, that blower-up of old care, to see if putting an end to the lives of a few little birds would make his own more bearable. It was a hoar frost, and the sun was beginning to melt the glittering congelations which were strung on every twig like diamonds, reflecting to the

dazzled eye every hue of the prism ; the waters were, indeed, bound in icy fetters, but they lay shining to the sun like sheets of smooth crystal ; the denizens of the air were mute, yet they added animation to the splendour of the scene by flitting about in search of food, which the severity of the season had rendered a difficult labour ; while the kine 'their savoury morsel from the dewy herbage were audibly gathering.'

"Influenced by the cheerfulness of nature, Arthur was beginning to think himself not so *very* unhappy, when he suddenly met Margaret Blount, the person of all others he wished to avoid ; she had taken her walk in the direction of Beech Lodge in the hope of meeting him, and accosted him, smiling a thousand welcomes. Her manner, so unchanged, had nearly overturned Arthur's belief of all he had lately heard ; but jealousy whispered that something must have given rise to such reports, and pride hinted that he owed it to himself to resent even the appearance of inconstancy ; accordingly, Margaret's warm salutation was returned by a cool reply, and the short conversation which passed was a mixture of inquiries on her part and negatives on his. 'Had he been ill?' 'No.' 'Had he met with any new vexation at Beech Lodge?' 'None.' Margaret's pride took the alarm in turn, and a thought suddenly striking her that Arthur had found a new channel for the stream of his affections, she hastily took her leave and bent her steps homewards, where a summons to Sir Roger's study awaited her return.

"Harassed alike by anger and disappointment, she yet durst not disobey, and immediately appeared before the baronet : he was holding a letter in his hand, from which he lifted his eyes as she entered, and, looking her full in the face, said, 'Here's good news for you, Margaret ; flattering prospects ; such luck as few girls meet with ; such as *you*, with your few pretensions, had no business to expect,' and then he paused ; while Margaret, breathless from surprise, thought to accelerate the progress of his story by assuring him 'she pretended to nothing.' 'No, no, best not ; without beauty, fortune, or accomplishments, it would be bad indeed if you had any conceit ; however,' (the baronet coughed,) 'with all your deficiencies you are my niece ; Sir Roger Blount's protégée ; and' (he coughed again,) 'Colonel Whitbourne has long been desirous of an alliance with our family—he would have married your aunt Peggy twenty years ago, only she would never give up the pug-dog ;' here the baronet's cough again interrupted him ; and Margaret, now fancying she saw the drift of his discourse, turned pale to think that

Colonel Whitbourne, who had entered his seventy-fifth year, should have an idea of her and matrimony at the same time. 'Yes,' said Sir Roger, getting his breath again, 'he wished to have made your aunt his wife, certainly, though he afterwards married Lady Charlotte Greville, who was as fond of birds as Peggy is of dogs, and turned his drawing-room into an aviary; but she died a year after their marriage, leaving him no other legacy than a son, whom you have seen; Captain Whitbourne,' he continued, 'is a perfect gentleman, a man of some fortune, and of a good family, or he should not marry into mine.' Margaret stared. 'Ah, you may well feel surprised, child! he proposes to me, through his father, to make you Mrs. Captain Whitbourne with as little delay as possible. There! you may read the letter, and write a suitable answer this evening; say I shall be happy to see the captain here; that nothing on my part shall be wanted to forward his wishes; express your obligation for the honour done you, your sense of your inferiority, et cetera; and be quick about it.'

“‘But, sir,’ Margaret began.

“‘Come, come, no more talking about the matter; I have taken full twenty minutes to explain all to you, and I desire you will trouble me no more.’ So saying, the baronet relapsed into a fit of coughing, and motioned to Margaret to leave the room, who hastened to her apartment to take a review of her situation.

“A habit of reconciling the contending interests at Oldfield had given her a turn for manœuvring, which was the least agreeable part of her character, yet she felt herself at present in so complete a puzzle that to get out of it seemed impossible. Two pleasant facts stared her in the face; her lover and her friend had both deceived her: should she lay the case before the baronet? the idea ‘froze her young blood;’ should she refuse Whitbourne’s proposal in direct terms? the spirit of intrigue, which, if Margaret had been a duchess, would have made her an acquisition to a political party, said, ‘No, try and outwit him.’ Therefore, wasting a few moments in very ‘natural’ regrets, she replied to Colonel Whitbourne’s letter in a way that meant every thing or nothing, and carried the *billet* to Sir Roger for his signature. ‘I thought,’ said the baronet, who was busy reading the law of trespass, to see how he could punish some idle boys for writing ‘old bachelor’ on his park paling, ‘I thought I told you to let me hear no more of this business; it is quite out of my way.’ ‘I could not reply myself to a communication addressed to you, and I have brought the letter for you to sign,’

said Margaret. 'Well, well, there's my name. What with girls and boys, the measure of my plagues is full, I think.'

"While these negotiations were going on between the high contracting parties, Captain Whitbourne, flying, like the butterfly, 'from flower to flower,' was attracted, accidentally, by the beauty of *une belle Parisienne*, whose vivacity and accomplishments put Margaret's few pretensions quite 'hors de combat,' caused him to forget the fertility of the Oldfield estate, and raised a sensation as much resembling real passion as the heart of Hugh Whitbourne was capable of entertaining. Margaret waited patiently to see what would come next, while week after week passed and nothing more was heard from Colonel Whitbourne, than that his son would take an early opportunity of accepting the invitation to Oldfield.

"Rumour, meanwhile, was busy in carrying Arthur Middleton the news of Margaret having certainly accepted Whitbourne's offer, and equally active in bringing Margaret the intelligence of Arthur being unalterably engaged to Miss Worthington; and it may be readily imagined that, under these circumstances, Margaret's conflicting feelings led her to look forward to Whitbourne's arrival as the only means of bringing about the *denouement* of her fate. But the snow-drops 'were giving beautiful indications of an approaching spring,' and the primroses had begun to sprinkle the hedge-rows with their starry blossoms, before the captain came again to Oldfield; the awkward, constrained manner in which the baronet received him, and the unusual bustle among the old ladies, seemed to indicate that their guest was come upon business which, as Sir Roger said, 'was quite out of their way.'

"Margaret was the most unconcerned of the party, at least she appeared so, but the good folks soon contrived to leave her tête-à-tête with Whitbourne, and then her anger and mortified pride rose in 'tempest dire,' and she tried to give vent to her feelings by telling him that his conduct had been altogether ungenerous, ungentlemanly, unfeeling, and that nothing but a determination to come to an explanation would have induced her to submit to the present interview. 'Now, *ma pauvre petite chose*,' said Whitbourne, coaxingly, 'what is the matter, what have I done?' 'Nay, you promised to do all in your power to forward the cause of Arthur Middleton, while you have thrown every obstacle in his way; even your own pretensions have been urged, which I consider an act of great duplicity.' 'That, *ma belle*, was a mere ruse, just to blind the old folks,' said the hero, with perfect non-

chalance; 'a few days will see me on the rout to Paris with the prettiest little creature in the world, (except yourself,) and I came here, I assure you, with no other view but to see if I cannot arrange something equally agreeable to yourself and Arthur Middleton.' 'I am sorry your intentions can be of no avail; Mr. Middleton has, I understand, recently engaged himself to some other lady,' said Margaret, attempting to leave the room. 'Ah, surely,' said Whitbourne, detaining her, 'I have not been the unfortunate cause of a misunderstanding between you and your friend?' Margaret maintained a contemptuous silence. 'I swear by my sword,' said the hero, 'another day shall not pass without my bringing about *un eclaireissement*.' Margaret was still silent. 'There is no other lady in the case,' said the captain, again rallying his forces with characteristic impudence, 'but Miss Worthington. She has, I hear, been trying to besiege your friend, but she is likely to have her trouble for her pains, for Arthur Middleton is quite woe-begone, resists all her kindness, refuses to be comforted, and has some symptoms of going into a decline.' 'That,' said Margaret, rather startled by the last assertion, 'brings no weight upon my conscience; if Mr. Middleton believed reports to my prejudice, by whomsoever circulated, without condescending to inquire into their truth, it is right that he should feel his error.' 'Now, my dear Miss Margaret Blount,' said the captain, dragging out every syllable in his most *exquisite* style, 'do not look so resolutely cruel; let me make an appointment with your friend to meet you to-morrow in Beech Grove, and, that there may be no more mistakes, let me be present at the interview; every thing explained, a trip to Gretna would be the easiest thing in the world. I must leave Oldfield in two days, and with a little good management I could resign my carriage to you and your friend, and pursue my way on horseback to join 'such a companion in just such a journey.'

"Margaret told him that 'the scheme was alike impracticable and displeasing to her; that she hoped, during his stay, to be able to use the courtesy towards him required by her friends, but she wished him to remember, to the latest day of his existence, that she considered he had been the chief obstacle between her and the path to happiness.' 'Oh! dear, *ma belle heroine*, you are terrifically majestic—*helas!* Well, then, I suppose, this journey is time thrown away; one of pure benevolence, too; so to-night, this very night, I shall take my leave, be off at peep of day to-morrow, throw myself at the feet of *ma chere Louise*, and hasten with her, on the wings of love, to Paris.'

"The old, formal footman at that moment entered with coffee, who, judging by the energetic tones of Captain Whitbourne, that he was saying something particularly delicious to his young mistress, put on a roguish smile, suited, he thought, to the gaiety of the occasion; Sir Roger and his sisters followed in procession, but their countenances were composed into the most perfect appearance of indifference. Whitbourne immediately forgot his heroics to talk politics with the baronet, Margaret endeavoured to hide her mortification in the labours of the tea-table, the old ladies were engaged in discussing the efficacy of Dr. Starvebury's prescription for the jaundice, and the evening passed away without any unpleasant disclosures. An exclamation of surprise did certainly escape the lips of Sir Roger when his guest told him he was prepared to depart the next day, but a moment's thought convinced him that Whitbourne was the wisest man he ever knew, since making love to a silly girl seemed to be 'quite out of his way.'

"In a short time a letter, dated from the most fashionable part of Paris, convinced the baronet there were other reasons for Whitbourne's hasty departure: his rage knew no bounds, not on account of the insult Margaret had received, but because 'Whitbourne's son, who was as poor as a rat, had presumed to invade his retreat on false pretence, and to abuse his hospitality by playing him the most audacious trick he ever heard of.'"

Here my friend paused in his story.

"But what," I eagerly asked, "is become of poor Margaret?"

"She," said my friend, "is left in the lurch, not outwitting, but outwitted; her pride, however, of which she inherits a large share from her family, and the resources which her taste and good sense have opened to her, have sustained her under a trial which, in the morning of life, is considered the severest; she is living in that old house, with the same ancient companions, to whom she is a necessary appendage; her eye, perhaps, is less bright, and her smile more faint, but she retains her cheerfulness, if not her gaiety; and as Arthur Middleton is likely to make a figure in his profession, and is still unengaged, something—"

My friend was here interrupted by the rapid approach of a carriage and four: it passed at as great a rate as horses which were not winged could carry it. My friend uttered a slight exclamation, for he had discovered in the dress of a postillion one of Mr. Beresford's old servants. "I am much mistaken," said he, "if something has not already taken place to bring my story to a happy conclusion; that carriage, I suspect, contained the sub-

jects of our conversation." The sun had sunk, wreaths of silvery mist, rising from the waters, gave a magic indistinctness to the summer twilight, the noise of the carriage passed away gradually into faint echoes, silence reigned undisturbed, and nothing was heard that evening to confirm the suspicions of my friend. But the next morning the whole neighbourhood was aroused with the intelligence that Sir Roger Blount's family were in the greatest possible confusion; their protégée was no where to be found; the old ladies could not make breakfast without her; poor Pug was waiting for his morsel; the parrot was screaming for her's; and every thing was at a pause. A few hours, and the whole was explained: Margaret and Arthur Middleton were far on their way to the north; Sir Roger's anger was, as usual, tremendous, and the ladies' "not loud but deep." But can we blame our heroine for making her escape by the only possible outlet? can we censure her for leaving Oldfield to become the happy wife of Arthur Middleton, barrister at law? though her aunts should lose an amanuensis and a tea-maker, and though *she* may lose her legacy. And can we any longer wonder that Margaret should have borne her first disappointment so well, when we recollect that Oldfield being situated within half a mile of Beech Lodge, it is possible that she might now and then meet Arthur Middleton, (quite by accident, of course,) and that they might probably condescend to tell each other how much they had been mutually deceived by the arts of the volatile Captain Whitbourne, and how much more agreeable they found the end than the beginning of their quarrel.

Loughbrook Lodge.

SONNET TO EMMA.

REMEMBER, love, how late the rain
This lily's cup did fill;
Its virgin charms you thought 'twould stain,
Yet now they're brighter still.

Thus pity's drops, so soft that stream
From Beauty's eyes of blue;
Dim not the eye on which they gleam,
Stain not the cheek they 'dew.

This flower, which drooping, seemed to bow
Beneath the 'whelming shower,
Waves to the rising zephyr now,
In fuller, fresher power.

Thus beauty, strong in weakness too,
With tears the mightiest can subdue.

CHARLES M.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—NO. IV.

THE CHEVALIER.

“ Wi’ my plaid on my shoulder, my dirk by my side,
To Stirling I sped wi’ a Campbell’s pride,
For bonnie Prince Charlie and a’ his men
Were breathing auld Scotland’s air again.

“ I bent the knee, and I kissed his hand,
An I welcomed him hame to his father’s land,
And I drew my blade, no more to sheath it
Till his foes had breathless sunk beneath it.

“ I gaily marched wi’ the brave chevalier,
Of his glorious cause in the proud career,
An Falkirk’s bloody field can tell
The Campbell’s claymore was wielded well.”

Such were the words of Allan Campbell, as he sprang from his horse, gave the jaded animal to the highlander who had attended him, and hurried into the Craig-house. He was soon in the arms of his widowed mother, whose joy, at the unexpected return of her dear Allan, it would not be easy to describe.

Campbell of the Craig-house of Crieff was the only son of a highland gentleman of fortune and family. The death of his father, which happened a few months before her son had attained to the age of manhood, had prevented Allan from gratifying his ardent inclination of joining the army of Charles Edward Stuart, who, at the time of his father’s decease, was preparing for his disastrous expedition into the northern English counties. Allan could not then leave his mother in her widowed and defenceless situation; but immediately upon the return of the rebel army to Stirling, Allan had, as his song expresses, joined them with some young volunteers of the neighbourhood. He had witnessed and borne a share in the battle of Falkirk, which terminated so decisively in favour of the prince’s adherents.

As a reward for his gallant behaviour on that memorable day, Allan Campbell had received the chevalier’s permission to return to Crieff during the temporary cessation of hostilities that followed the victory. The plea urged by Allan for his leave of absence, was the weak and dangerous state of his mother’s health. We are not quite certain, however, that there was not some other cause for his impatience to return, as the fatigue of a long ride, from Stirling to the Craig-house at Crieff, did not prevent the youth from a walk, on the evening of his return, to the vicinity of Perth, a distance of about ten miles.

“ In the name o’ a’ that’s gude, Allan, what brings ye here, at a time when a’ true an leal sons o’ Scotland are in arms, wi’

their rightfu' prince at their head." Such was the first address of the aged father of Jesse M'Clean, when Allan Campbell, almost spent with his exertions, entered the chamber of the old man, to which he had been for a considerable period confined by decay consequent upon extreme old age.

"I had the prince's permission, sir," replied Campbell, taking the hand which M'Clean (though evidently displeased at his presence,) feebly extended towards him. "I had the prince's permission to ride over to Crieff, as my poor mother's enfeebled state of health could ill support my protracted absence. I return to the army to-morrow, sir," added the youth. "But before I go, I wish to obtain your sanction to a plan I have in contemplation. Miss Jesse, sir, should any thing unfortunate occur to yourself, will be defenceless."

"I understand ye, Allan," replied M'Clean, "gin I be gathered to my fathers afore yer return fro' the wars, my Jesse will an maun be without natural protectors: this I've foreseen, Allan Campbell; and hae provided for my bairn. At my decease she is to tak up her abode wi' the worthy Mrs. Campbell, o' the Craig-house; ken ye sic a leddie, Allan?"

Allan pressed to his lips the thin, emaciated hand of the good old man, as he concluded, and, with a benevolent smile, presented him with a copy of his will. "Allan," added the old man, "I promised yer father that my Jesse should be your's; the time appointed for yer union is hasting; I could wish to see ye ane afore I die; but it may not be. Allan, I am no lang for this world. Be a gude bairn, Allan, return to the army, an God bless ye, God bless ye! Now, Allan, leave me; I will see ye again ere ye depart to-morrow."

Allan Campbell again pressed the old man's hand, and retired from his chamber. We need not tell the conversation of the lovers, thus left to themselves during the remainder of the evening. They had been contracted to each other from almost infancy; yet were their hearts united by a firmer bond than that of legal union, by the indissoluble tie "of love's own sweet constraint." With feelings ill according with his assumed air of gaiety, Allan Campbell bade adieu to the weeping Jesse M'Clean and her dying father. Arrived at the Craig-house, he prepared for an immediate departure, and, tearing himself from the arms of his afflicted mother, arrived late in the evening at the headquarters of the army.

A few days after his arrival, he received intelligence that the

father of Miss M'Clellan had departed this life, and that the young lady had become a resident with his mother at the Craig-house.

From the period of Allan Campbell's joining the army of the chevalier, that unfortunate prince's only operations were one successive retreat. The English army (with the addition of those officers who had been taken by the forces of Charles Edward at Preston-pans, and who, forfeiting their parole of honour, had broken from their confinement in the counties of Fife and Angus, and joined their countrymen at Edinburgh,) amounted to nearly fifteen thousand. The Duke of Cumberland, who had been lately recalled from Flanders, put himself at the head of this formidable body—formidable, inasmuch as they were opposed to an undisciplined army of scarcely one half their number.

The duke arrived at Edinburgh in time to take the command of the English army. In his progress northward he was joined by many of the Scotch nobility; and by the time he had reached Aberdeen he found himself in a condition to resist any force the rebels might bring against him. After a short stay at Aberdeen, during which he refreshed his troops, the duke prepared to pursue the enemy, who, however, retreated as he advanced. After a march of twelve days he reached the banks of the Spey.

If at any period of the campaign an opportunity was offered to the chevalier of attacking the royal army with advantage, it was the present. Proverbially deep and rapid, the river presented an opportunity to the rebels of disputing the passage, and of retarding the progress of the enemy with success. At this period, however, the highland clans were disputing among each other upon trifling points of precedence; and the Duke of Cumberland, having crossed the river, left their disputes equally unsettled, and their hopes of any resource, save in determined and fearless resistance, altogether vain. Urged by necessity, the chevalier, who had in vain reprobated the idle disputes of his officers, as injurious to the interests of their united enterprize, resolved to await the arrival of the English army upon the plains of Culloden, the situation of which offered every advantage.

At the distance of a few miles from Inverness, from which place they could command supplies of provisions and other necessities, embosomed in hills, with the exception of the side which was open to the sea, the plains of Culloden offered to the army of the chevalier an advantageous opportunity of coming to a contest which their former imprudence had rendered inevitable. A divided and undisciplined body of between seven and eight

thousand men, inefficiently supplied with artillery, and still less so with ammunition, constituted the only dependence of the chevalier. So near was the royal army in pursuit, that, within a few hours after the encampment of the rebels, they had drawn up a line of battle on the opposite hills. About one o'clock in the afternoon began that engagement which decided the fate of the unfortunate Stuarts, and placed the claim of the house of Brunswick upon a firm basis. It is unnecessary to give a detail of this disastrous conflict. Had the chevalier given a loose to the native ardour of his highlanders, the event might have been doubtful.

Unused to sustain the attack and well-directed fire of disciplined troops, a considerable body of the prince's party rushed from their ranks, and attacked, with irresistible fury, the left wing of the enemy. The momentary inconvenience occasioned by this unexpected and injudicious attack, was easily removed by the advance of two battalions to the support of the distressed body. The disadvantage, however, which accrued to the rebels from this hasty movement, was not to be remedied. The dragoons, under the command of General Hawley, supported by the Argyleshire militia, pulling down a park-wall which protected the enemy's flank, fell upon them with irresistible fury. Unprepared for an attack from this quarter, the resistance of the rebel army was altogether ineffectual. The slaughter was dreadful: between three and four thousand of the chevalier's bravest adherents, in less than half an hour, were ranked among the wounded and slain.

Several of the highland clans retired from the field in perfect order, and in dishonourable safety; while the French troops, upon whose courage and fidelity the ill-fated Charles Edward had rested his firmest hopes, remained inactive during the engagement, and at the termination of hostilities surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

Allan Campbell had fought by the side of his prince throughout the day's disastrous encounter. Had every claymore been as bravely wielded as that which, in his hand, clove many an hostile bosom, the event of the affray must have been widely different.

"Campbell!" cried the unfortunate chevalier, "'tis in vain to think of farther resistance; leave me!"

"Never, my prince," replied the youth.

"Am I then so fallen," rejoined Charles Edward, "that my most faithful adherents disregard my commands? Campbell, it is my wish, my determination, to leave this field alone; thy destiny and mine, my friend, are different; return to thy aged mo-

OCTOBER, 1829.

T

ther's arms; leave me, 'tis my last command—the latest orders of thy prince.”

The chevalier pressed Allan's hand, and galloped from the field, attended by a single cavalry officer. Allan Campbell arrived at the Craig-house, undiscovered by any of the numerous detachments which scoured the country in every direction, in search of fugitive rebels.

United to his Jesse, Allan had almost forgotten, in the bosom of happy obscurity, the eventful period of his sojourning in

“The tented field of fame.”

Months rolled speedily and happily on. Spring and Summer had dawned and waned, and yellow Autumn began to wave her tresses over the fertile vales that here and there smiled amid the barren wastes that surrounded the Craig-house. One evening in August, Allan Campbell was preparing to retire to rest, when a voice at the door implored admittance. To ask a deed of charity from Allan was to obtain it. In a few moments two strangers were placed by the generous host at his “ain fireside,” and the choicest contents of the larder of the Craig-house placed in plentiful hospitality before them.

Allan had courteously abstained from conversation with his guests till the cravings of hunger, which were evidently most powerfully excited, should be satisfied. Closely enveloped in coarse plaids, and evincing, in their appearance, the most abject poverty, there was still something in the manners and demeanour of his guests, which strongly impressed Campbell with a conviction that their condition and appearance were far from corresponding.

“Good God! it is surely Allan Campbell to whom I am indebted for this timely assistance.”

The animation which glowed on the features of the younger of the strangers, as these words hurriedly escaped him, acted like electricity upon the Campbell.

“It is, it is my prince!” he exclaimed, sinking on his knee before the speaker; “thou wert reported to be no more! I thought the grave had closed upon thy sorrows—” His feelings prevented his farther utterance.

“It is, indeed, my faithful Campbell,” replied Prince Charles, “the poor, shattered remnant of him whose rightful cause you once so nobly upheld!”

Allan Campbell might well be excused for not recognizing in the famished stranger the once noble chevalier. Clothed in the vilest attire, pale and wan as famine, and fatigue, and disappointed hopes could make him; spent with toil, and soured by vexations; pursued, like a hunted deer, from wood to wood, and

from desert to desert, the once manly form of the ill-fated Charles Stuart exhibited nothing now but the wasted image of despair.

In a few words he gave Campbell to understand that it would be ruin to them both to remain even that night under his roof, as his retreat must soon be known.

* * * * *

The moon had well nigh attained to her meridian height, when the prince, with his companion, Cameron of Lochiel, left the Craig-house under the guidance of Allan Campbell. Secret intelligence had been delivered to the prince, that a French privateer was waiting in the harbour of Lochnannach, and it was in his circuitous route to that place that he had sojourned at the Craig-house. Several nights did the wanderers prosecute their perilous journey, always halting during the day at some secure retreat, as well for rest as for concealment. After a variety of narrow escapes the adventurers arrived at the coast. The privateer was at anchor. Never did truer joy pervade the bosoms of famished travellers in the desert at sight of some unexpected spring, than that which cheered the drooping hearts of the wanderers, when they beheld the gallant vessel riding in the offing. On his knees Campbell received the fervent benediction of the grateful chevalier, ere he entered the vessel which was to convey him for ever from the land of his forefathers.

* * * * *

Many a week had passed slowly away; and the distressed inhabitants of the Craig-house remained in total ignorance of the fate of Allan Campbell, of whom, since his departure with the chevalier, on the fatal night, as before described, nothing had been heard.

* * * * *

"Tell my poor mother, Mr. Grahame, that Allan died as he had lived—the firm and devoted follower of his prince. Tell her, his royal master owed to the Campbell his escape from these fatal shores. Give this to my Jesse. Oh! Grahame, the thought of *her* gives terrors even to a glorious death. Tell them both my last thoughts were of them; but, Grahame, tell them not my trunkless head is to blacken on this prison wall! Grahame, farewell: comfort my wife and mother!"

* * * * *

The place of execution was nigh, and soon the headsman's voice proclaimed—"This is the head of a traitor!"

It was thus Allan Campbell forfeited his life to his affection for the chevalier.

CHARLES M.

THE SOLDIER'S DEATH.

AS RELATED BY HIS COMRADE.

THE trumpet call had sounded, and the band
Forlorn,* my friend commanded, marched away.

I caught his eye, he waved his armed hand;
His voice was silenced in his proud steed's neigh—

The fears for him that rushed on me unmanned—
For ominous I could but deem the ray

Which lit his eye with an expressive smile,
As fearless on he dashed with his devoted file.

In my mind's eye I saw him to the strife
Rush dauntless on; I saw the carbines' flash,

I heard the bolts, with fate unerring rife,
Around my heart's friend fly with horrid crash.

Methought I saw him pour his votive life
Beneath the foeman's blade; the fatal gash

That marked his breast, its ruby lips oped wide,
And silent called his friend, his comrade to his side.

The thought was agony, that far away
From every friend Alonzo thus should fall.

Each generous feeling chid my slow delay,
And honour's summons echoed friendship's call.

Permission gained, in haste I sought the fray,
Nor recked a flesh-wound from a flying ball

That pierced my side; my sword arm still was strong
To guard my bosom friend, to avenge my country's wrong.

Swift as the shaft of fate, my impatient steed,
His hoofs in warm gore trampling, spurned the plain.

The well-tried charger's more than wonted speed,
As warm he snuffed the gale, was not in vain.

I joined my friend in time to see him bleed,
To staunch the blood that burst the purple vein,

Yet mortal was the wound that marked his breast,
And in his features Death stood fearfully confest.

Yet not in vain Alonzo sunk in death—
The point at which his efforts aimed was won;

And Victory gave command the sword to sheathe.
The arduous duty of the soldier done,

Fair Honour, weeping, twined a fadeless wreath,
To bind the brows of her expiring son;

Supporting on my breast I gazed on him,
And felt his heart beat cold, and saw his eye wax dim.

"Henry," he trembling said, "adieu! adieu!
I sink upon the bosom of a friend,

Warm, generous, ardent, faithful, fond, and true
Through life, and in life's last most glorious end.

Oh, be my Adelaide's protector too!
To thee I now the sainted maid commend.

Oh! she will weep, Alonzo's fate to hear;
Then be it thine, my friend, to share affection's tear.

* The forlorn hope.

" My dear, dear Adelaide ! be a friend to her,
 For she will need thy condolence ; and tell
 My angel, how her faithful worshipper
 In his loved country's cause unflinching fell.
 And sometimes let Alonzo's memory stir
 Thy softened soul to fondness. Fare thee well!
 Once more, before, to meet no more, we part,
 Strain thy poor comrade to thy own congenial heart.

" Think sometimes of Alonzo, nor forget,
 Oh, Henry ! the dear maid whom I adore ;
 Condole with my poor Adelaide—even yet
 She is before my eyes !" No more
 Those eyes beamed love—their orbs in night were set :
 One deep-heaved sigh escaped, and all was o'er.
 The eyes that saw him meet his early doom
 Poured forth their sorrows o'er the youthful hero's tomb.

CHARLES M.

CYRUS AND TIGRANES.

SURROUNDED by his courtly train the royal Cyrus sat,
 The dreaded prince, whose frown was power, whose simplest word was
 fate ;

Before him stood, in humblest mood, the captives of his sword,
 Who owned the god-like hero for their conqueror and their lord.

The grey-haired sire, the matron dame, the bridegroom and his bride,
 The young Tigranes and his wife in all her beauty's pride ;
 Whilst each one looked with wonder on the hero's royal port,
 Her beaming eyes so tearfully to hide *their glances sought*.

" What wilt thou give, Tigranes," thus the youthful Cyrus said,
 " If I restore thee to thy land, the land for which *thou'st bled* ?"
 " My kingdom's wealth, oh, mighty prince, if thou wilt set me free,
 For vain are riches to the man who pines in slavery."

" And say what *wouldst* thou give, should I restore thy youthful bride !"
 " A *thousand* lives, if they were mine," the captive prince replied.
 " I'd thank thee, oh ! most warmly thank thee, if thou'lt save my life,
 But death with joy I'd undergo if thou wouldst *spare my wife*."

" Ye both are free, ye *all* are free, unransomed," he replies ;
 Whilst virtue's self omnipotent, shone in radiant eyes ;
 And those who saw him on that day his mien could ne'er forget,
 For it appeared as if the Gods their seal on him had set.

They praise the hero ; each applauds the man who saved his life,
 When thus Tigranes said unto his fair though silent wife :
 " Why sayst thou not, my love, thy thoughts of Persia's future king,
 Come, fair Joanna, why delay thy offering to bring ?"

" I marked him not, my gracious lord," returned his gentle bride.
 " What, saw *him* not ! not saw the *prince* !" her wondering consort cried ;
 " What other object could employ those careless eyes of thine ?"
 " The man who said that he would give a thousand lives for mine."

D. L. J.

THE MONKS AND THE PILGRIM.

To the establishment of monasteries, Helvetia was, in a great measure, indebted for the high degree of cultivation which she so early attained. Monks and hermits were the first who possessed courage enough to dig up those mountains and valleys, the aspect of which is so picturesque, though the soil is naturally the most sterile in Europe. Those heroic virtues which were the glory of our forefathers, may also, in many respects, be attributed to the religious zeal of their instructors, and to the salutary influence of their pious examples. Perhaps there nowhere exists, even in our day, a more ardent love of liberty than in those countries where republican patriotism is still associated, in the most intimate manner, with the dogmas, and, if we may so call them, the superstitions of the faith of our forefathers.

After this homage of acknowledgment, which we feel ourselves called upon to render to the first monastic establishments founded in Switzerland, it is with regret we are obliged to confess that there has since been an era wherein the venerable object of these institutions was entirely forgotten; the spirit of beneficence which once animated them was subsequently replaced by a spirit of ambition and avarice, the glaring offences of which gave the fatal blow to religion, and sowed the first seeds of that grand religious crisis which terminated in the reformation.

It was in the midst of the disorders caused in Europe by the heroic folly of the crusaders, that some of the monks, whose repose, ease, credit, and undisturbed power, had already but too much corrupted their minds and manners, thought they perceived the means of enriching themselves at the expense of the absent knights. Hence arose a hateful struggle between two orders whose union appeared to be guaranteed by so many reciprocal interests. The nobility, called to protect by their arms the clergy, who in their turn ought to have supported the chivalry of the age by all the credit of their influence with the people, too often forgot their duty, and entered into secret machinations for the destruction of individuals. The history of the Halwyls, one of the most illustrious houses of Helvetia, furnishes a too remarkable example of this kind.

Walter de Halwyl was at first destined by his parents for the ecclesiastical profession, but from some undefined motive he again entered the world after the decease of his brother, and became lord of the castle and extensive possessions belonging to

his house. He could never be induced, however, to relinquish the tastes, the habits, and the prejudices of his early education. Instead of following the example of his ancestors in a career of arms, and in noble feats of chivalry, he was surrounded only by the monks of his convent, who incessantly besought new gifts for their house. He erected churches, endowed nunneries, and employed his great riches only in securing to himself the means of obtaining Paradise according to the ideas continually suggested to him by the grossest and most covetous superstition. It was in vain that his wife urged him to think of giving to his only son an education worthy of his name, and to cultivate his estates rather than enrich the monks, who were already become too opulent. She could produce no impression on his mind, and, in the bloom of life, died of excessive grief and vexation.

When left a widower, his son, the young Walter, had scarcely arrived at the sixteenth year of his age. Ardently attached to his mother, he deeply felt the misfortune of her loss; and, more disgusted than ever with the gloomy, uniform, and languishing life at the castle, he was desirous of quitting it and entering into the service of the celebrated Rodolphe de Habsbourg. The father, for a long time, resisted the importunities of the son, and at last consented with reluctance. Perhaps, indeed, he was only induced to do so by the dexterous insinuations of the monks, who, no doubt, flattered themselves that the more the old man became isolated, the fewer obstacles remained for them to conquer, in order completely to control his mind, and to obtain all they could desire from so much superstition and weakness.

The old Lord de Halwyl, amidst the solitude of his situation after the departure of his son, considered, however, that he needed a person in his house who was capable of watching over its economy, and of taking care of his person, impaired by habitual infirmities. He withdrew for this purpose, from a convent, an orphan niece, Clemence de Landenberg, and placed her in the castle.

Our young Walter, eager for glory, on learning that Conradin de Souabe was making levies in order to reconquer in Italy the throne of his ancestors, joined himself to a large body of old servants of the house of Hohenstaufen, in order to sustain the incontestible rights of the last descendant of so many princes. After the unfortunate battle of Palenza, in 1268, and the tragic end of his master, Halwyn returned to Helvetia with one of his young countrymen, Egbert de Mulinen, whose father, one of

Conradin's officers, had fallen at Palenza, or at Tagliacozzo, in the Abruzzas.

How was it possible he could find himself again in the castle of his fathers, with a young person so interesting as Clemence de Landenberg, without being touched by the charms of her youth and beauty, or by the still more engaging one of her character and her virtues! The heart of the young Halwyl was not insensible to them; and perhaps this first sensation had decided the happiness of his destiny, if, a short time after he had returned to his fireside, his father, yielding again, no doubt, to the persuasions of the monks, had not been eager to declare to him, that, terrified by the disastrous news from Naples, he had vowed that if the heavenly mercy deigned to save his son, he would send him instantly to Jerusalem, to return thanks at the feet of the holy sepulchre for the miraculous favour of his preservation. Without partaking of the prejudices and superstitious weaknesses of his father, the young Halwyl nevertheless saw, in a vow so solemn, an engagement too sacred to allow himself to neglect its fulfilment. But it was with the most poignant regret that he forsook his amiable cousin. It was with a grief equally sensible that he beheld himself separated from his friend Egbert, whom the care of a numerous family of brothers and sisters, left to his charge since the death of his father, prevented from making with him the great journey to the holy land.

The young Walter set out richly equipped. Having apparently the sad presentiment that he should never again behold him in this world, his father, before the final embrace, divided a ring and gave him one half. "With this token," he said to his son, "however long thine absence, thou wilt always be certain of making thyself known as the legitimate heir of Halwyl."

The last moments that the young pilgrim passed with his friend Egbert were employed in recommending to his care his amiable cousin, whom he hoped to espouse on his return. Egbert sighed, and promised.

Little disposed, we conceive, to follow Halwyl in his holy pilgrimage, our readers will rather desire to know the situation of the generous Egbert.

His father, filled with attachment and enthusiasm for the house of Hohenstaufen, which had loaded his ancestors with benefits, made unparalleled efforts, even beyond his abilities, to form a levy of troops for the service of Conradin, who was then poor, but believed to be on the point of regaining the noble inheritance of which he had been despoiled by the most violent injustice.

Mulinen sold one part of his possessions in support of so noble an enterprize, and mortgaged the other, devoting himself entirely to the cause he had embraced. A glorious death having been the sole reward of so many sacrifices, the young Egbert, on his return to his country, found remaining to him only the little estate bearing his name, a large amount of debts, and a charge yet more painful but dear to his heart—a family to bring up.

The castle of Mulinen was situated upon a steep rock at the extremity of the Heidenberg: it was separated from that mountain by a deep ditch formed out of the rock; the stone raised out of which served for building the castle, or rather the tower which bore that name. Beyond the ditch commenced a forest which covered the mountain, and extended itself as far as the plain, where may be seen, even to this day, the ruins of Vindonissa. At the foot of the castle stood a village at the edge of the Reuss; and beyond some hills, which border the other river, the view extends itself far over the rich lands of the country of Baden. The tower was surrounded with a small inclosure, in which were the stables, the granary, and the apartments of the male servants of the house. The interior had four stories, each forming only one apartment. The entrance-gate was not on the ground floor; you descended to it by a staircase from the kitchen; there was the cellar and provision magazine of the house. The gate of the castle, elevated fifteen or twenty feet above the court, had only a wooden staircase, which could be removed in case of war or other danger. The kitchen occupied all the first floor. This vast apartment served also to lodge the female servants, whose beds were there in large presses. From thence a winding staircase reached to a large hall; and this was, night and day, the only habitation of the lord of the castle and all his family.

At the farther end of the hall was an immense stove; at the side a large bed, the canopy of which was supported by curiously wrought columns. The arms of the lord and lady were carved on the tester. A large feather-bed, and two enormous pillows, covered this bedstead; and the ends of the sheets were ornamented with deep lace. Under this bed, which was sufficiently high, there was another on castors. Neither of them had been occupied since the death of the father and his lady, owing to the infancy of the children. At the opposite angles of the apartment were seen curtains, forming a sort of alcove, one of which concealed the beds of the sons, the other those of the

daughters. All the circumference of the hall was furnished with presses made of walnut-tree, well-polished and carved, which served as wainscotting. Below these presses were large chests, of the same kind of wood, but with flat covers, which formed a long suite of seats, surrounding the hall as far as the windows.

The cornice of the presses was ornamented with pewter table utensils, and with silver and gilt vases, which were only used on grand feast days. The embrasures of the windows formed, in consequence of the great thickness of the walls, so many little cabinets; in the middle one was placed a table covered with slate, whereon each person made his calculations, or noted down memorandums. There was also the library of the castle: it was not considerable as to the number of books, but they were valuable in their kind, and consisted of the "Lives of the Saints," a "Treatise on the Duties of Chivalry," and the works of Plutarch, translated into German. This last work was attached to the wall by an iron chain, in consequence of a monk in the neighbourhood having once attempted the pious work of stealing it, in order to enrich the library of the convent. Another embrasure was the usual resort of the ladies of the castle: there were seen some spinning-wheels, and lace and embroidery frames.

Above this apartment was the hall for company, which was called the chevalier's hall. Two large figures, one representing a Saracen, the other a Knight of St. John, supported the mantelpiece of a chimney large enough to roast an ox entire. The white-washed walls of this apartment, twice as lofty as the lower hall, were ornamented with shields, cuirasses, and swords, disposed in trophy. There was deposited the sword of Roger de Mulinen, one of the most glorious of the family; the gauntlets of the unfortunate Conrad; the coat of arms of the son Conradin, more unfortunate still. These warlike relics, the principal ornament of this vast saloon, were interspersed with stag's heads, the horns of which, with their antlers, served as branches for the lamps which lighted it at night. The windows, distributed symmetrically on the four sides of the apartment, were of coloured glass, representing some history of Scripture saints, or of the annals of the country, or the armorial bearings of some illustrious house. There, too, was to be seen the lion of Habsbourg, the rose of Rapperswyl, the fuseses of the Barons of Bonstetten, and the walls of Antioch.

A table of well-polished walnut-tree stood in the middle of the hall. In the times when the house enjoyed its ancient opulence,

this table, now rarely occupied, had often been the noisy rendezvous of all the nobility of the neighbourhood.

The lovers of antiquity will, no doubt, pardon the long details of this description—first, because it contains the most exact historical truth ; and next, because many remarkable indications may there be traced of the simple manners of that age, of the extreme economy of the most illustrious and opulent families of the country, of the savage harshness, but at the same time the chivalric character, of their luxury, and of their whole manner of existence, as well, in their domestic life.

The brave Egbert, after the departure of his friend, entered on the direction of his paternal abode. Two brothers and five sisters, two only of whom, Paterman and Adèle, were above childhood, were the first object of his care. It was necessary to restore order throughout, to revive in the vassals the habit of obedience, to pay the usurious debts that were accumulated, to direct Adèle in the education of her young sisters, and to give to Paterman the necessary instruction for a young man destined by his birth to the profession of arms. So many duties to perform left him but few moments for attending to the fair Clemence, who, long before she was recommended to him by his cousin, had made an indelible impression on his heart.

Two years had passed away since the departure of Walter, when Egbert learnt that unwelcome news of his friend had been received at Halwyl. He fled there, and found every one in grief. An esquire, given by the old man to his son, as a man worthy of all his confidence, had returned from Syria to announce that his young master had perished in a combat with the Saracens. Egbert, who interrogated him anew on the particulars of so fatal an event, thought he perceived more than one contradiction in his account, but Halwyl persisted in placing on it the most implicit confidence ; and the monks who surrounded the old man, even taxed the young Egbert, and Clemence, with a culpable incredulity in daring any longer to entertain a doubt.

Egbert again beheld Clemence, and found her more beautiful and amiable than ever. His sentiments towards her involuntarily assumed a new degree of force and vivacity. How could he refrain, at some moments, from indulging in the idea that these sentiments might hereafter become more legitimate ? For hitherto Egbert had always regarded Clemence as destined to become the wife of his friend. The opinion, however, which they both entertained, that this friend still lived, strongly as it had been opposed, prevailed over every other inclination, over every

hope, and suppressed every word that might betray the secret of their heart.

A short time after this interview, Egbert learnt, by a letter from the Abbé de Cappel, that the old Lord de Halwyl had died suddenly, and that all the nobility of the neighbourhood were invited to assist at his funeral, and also at the opening of the will. Egbert did not fail to be present. The funeral rites were celebrated with the usual pomp. Afterwards, in the presence of the whole assembly, there was a solemn reading of the will. The auditors, even the most disinterested, heard, with less surprise than indignation, that the Lord de Halwyl, believing himself the last of his name, devised all his possessions to the Abbey of Cappel; and destined the castle of his fathers to form a new convent, of which the Abbé de Cappel should at all times be the director and the patron. He had committed to the Abbé the half of the ring which he had preserved, having given the corresponding half to his son at the moment of his separation. The cunning prelate had promised, in satisfaction to the testator, that if, contrary to all expectation, his son was still alive, and should ever appear, legitimately, to establish his claims, he should be reinstated in all the possessions of his ancestors. A clause in the will bound Clemence to retire into a monastery and take the veil.

Egbert opposed strongly the execution of this last clause, maintaining that no power had a right to deprive Clemence de Landenberg of the liberty to dispose of herself as she pleased. In vain did the monks pretend to prove a decided call; adding, moreover, that being an orphan, and without relations, she had no other course to take. At last her presence was required before this numerous assembly; and, when she appeared, Egbert generously offered her an asylum with his sister, and reminded her that he had solemnly promised the young Walter to be towards her as a protector and father. At these words, pronounced with equal candour and dignity, Clemence accepted the offer without hesitation. The young people present smiled, some old men murmured among themselves, and the monks inveighed against her decision; but they finished by abandoning one part of their prey, in the hope of more peaceably preserving the remainder.

Clemence was therefore settled in the Castle of Mulinen. Adèle was nearly of her age. What a happiness for both, after the sad solitude in which they had lived! The interesting orphan now constantly resided in the same abode with Egbert.

They could see and converse with each other every moment. But nothing could be more innocent, or more pure, than the sweet intimacy in which they dwelt together; and, doubtless, even their mutual attachment, daily assuming greater strength and more empire over all their affections, failed not to inspire hearts so sensible, so generous, at once with more courage, more distrust, and more reserve. However, Egbert soon found there remained to him no other mode of defence than to fly the danger. He eagerly seized every pretext for absenting himself from an abode, the charm of which became daily more seducing. Vassal of the great Rodolph de Habsbourg, he often followed him in his warlike expeditions; and this duty appeared to him still more indispensable since he had had the happiness to place his brother near that prince. While he resided at the castle, as if he had taken a great liking to the chase, he passed whole days in that amusement, and only returned at night-fall. At other times, pretending the necessity of particular attention to domains too long neglected, he accompanied his labourers in the fields that were most distant from the castle. Often was our young chevalier seen guiding the plough himself, seeking always to divert his attention from that which was the chief interest of his heart; with this design he sought out the most painful labours, the most violent exercises. It was only by the force of fatigue that his ardent soul could regain a little calmness and repose.

During the frequent absence of Egbert, Adèle and her friend applied themselves, with greater assiduity than ordinary, to the employments suited to their sex. They embroidered, together, a coat of arms, with the colours of Habsbourg, for young Paterman, when he first went to take the field under the conduct of that illustrious warrior. They regularly attended to the garden, the pigeon-house, and even the poultry-yard. When the weather was favourable, Adèle, accompanied by Clemence, and her young brothers and sisters, ran over the neighbouring forest and domains; and the two friends admired together the fine ruins which it contained, and those magnificent remains of aqueducts, formerly designed to carry to the ancient Vindonissa those pure and abundant waters which may now be seen winding at pleasure in the ravines which the forest covers with its shade. Often also they directed their steps towards the remains of an old temple. A holy hermit had there built his humble dwelling. This venerable old man was the oracle of the neighbourhood, and the friend of the house.

Reports had been circulated that young Halwyl was still alive,
OCTOBER, 1829.

and, though Egbert sincerely rejoiced, his heart was only the more agitated. He wished to conceal the secret trouble that tormented him, however involuntarily, yet his delicacy made it a reproach. One day, when he was alone with Clemence in the embrasure of a window, where was placed a portrait of Halwyl, he could not resist the opportunity to renew a prepared discourse already began and interrupted more than once, on the possibility of the early return of their friend; but the conversation was suddenly interrupted by a terrible alarm. An old servant announced that Walter had returned, but that, on approaching the castle of his ancestors, an attempt had been made on his life. The assassins, however, failed in their object; one was disarmed, and two fled.

Some words which escaped these villains causing Walter to apprehend new dangers on the road, he repaired, by a by-path which he still remembered, to the castle of Egbert. He arrived there a few hours after the sad message they had received. What a meeting! And who could attempt to describe all the variety of emotions with which it was accompanied, and by which it was followed? But amidst so many opposite feelings, so many fears, so many hopes which successively took possession of Egbert's soul, soon there was but one resolution which he felt the imperious necessity of accomplishing before all: it was that of using his best efforts to recover for his friend the possessions of which he had seen him so unjustly despoiled.

Unwilling to confide to others the success of such a mission, he went himself to the Abbey de Cappel, to carry the news of the return of his friend. The Abbé, as might be imagined, refused to believe it, and observed that the only means of legally proving the too suspicious claims of this pretended Halwyl, would have been the ring pointed out by the will of the testator, but that this ring, notwithstanding the religious care with which it had been always kept, could no longer be found. The Baron de Russeck, protector of the new convent, gave the same answer. The inutility of these proceedings determined the two friends to wait on the Count de Habsbourg. They solicited and obtained at his justice the assembly of a feudal court. The parties were obliged to appear, and the umpires, at the request of Walter, appointed a *combat à outrance* between him and the protector of the convent.

Egbert, fearing lest the fatigues of a long and painful journey, and the effect of the wounds received in repulsing the attack of his assassins, might have more or less impaired the strength of

Walter, demanded earnestly the privilege of filling his place, and finally obtained it; but, as may be supposed, more as an act of justice than of friendship on the part of his judges.

The day fixed for the combat arrived too slowly to suit the impatience of Egbert; the list was at last opened, in a plain, appointed for the solemnity by the Count de Habsbourg, on the right bank of the lake of Halwyl; the amphitheatre of the surrounding hills was covered with spectators. Within the inclosure, on a platform raised in front of the entrance to the list, were placed the umpires; and on either side were all the nobility of the neighbourhood.

Egbert appeared before this august assembly with equal calmness, confidence, and modesty. After a pretty long struggle the Baron de Russeck fell, and, being mortally wounded, he confessed, in his last moments, that the half of the ring was still in the hands of the Abbé, who was at last compelled to produce it. The exact correspondence of the two circles of the precious ring, together with the result of the combat, no longer left any doubt on the minds of the judges as to the right of Halwyl, who found himself thus reinstated in the possession of all his wealth.

Honest and sensible souls can alone conceive the degree of satisfaction experienced by Egbert, after so noble a triumph, after the happy success of an action so firm and so generous. But still, however lively, however sincere, the expression of his joy, it could not quite efface, even at this moment, the shade of sadness and melancholy which for a long season, but principally since the return of his friend, had mingled itself, spite of all his efforts, with the softest impressions, with the most hearty enjoyments of his sensibility.

Halwyl was struck with it; and this was the strong ray of light that revealed to him all the mystery of the painful situation in which was placed the most faithful and best of friends. In fact, that friendship, so tender, soon discovered the only secret which Egbert's heart thought it a duty to conceal. Neither could the secret grief of his beautiful cousin, notwithstanding all her reserve, escape the penetration of Walter. But how was he to reveal to them the discovery he had made? And how should he act in such a difficult circumstance, amidst the indecision and all the agitation of his own heart! But his friendship soon found an opportunity of revealing to them his eagerness to repay Egbert for his noble disinterestedness, and he unhesitatingly yielded all claims to Clemence in favour of his friend.

Perhaps the sacrifice was not altogether so great as it at first

appeared. Adèle was not less beautiful than Clemence, and her spirits were far more buoyant. In the eyes of Walter she had found favour; and the happy Egbert had but little trouble in persuading her to accept the hand of his friend.*

LYRICS OF INSPIRATION.—NO. II.

THE BATTLE OF YESTERDAY.

The trumpet's voice hath died away,
The gleaming spears are gone,
And minstrel-birds awake their lay
Where silken banners shone.
The skies their azure tint assume,
The dell with flowers is rife,
As when the warrior tossed his plume
Amid the glorious strife!

What consecrations have the slain!
What spell is on the dead!
The drum hath pealed its note in vain,
Around their silent bed.
There are no holy priests to bless
A soldier's bloody bier!
Yon clouds, in all their loveliness,
Have wept their sweetest tear.

They sleep as warriors love to sleep,
Where blood hath tinged the sod;
No hallowed urns their ashes keep,
No shrines are raised to God.
Hushed is the shout and trumpet-clang,
Where spurs and plumes shone red:
Oh, vainly, vainly have they rang,
They cannot wake the dead!

But yet the hymn of every hearth,
From fair lips shall be poured,
And children shall neglect their mirth,
To bless their father's sword.
And when the woods, that woo the sky,
With their birds, have passed away,
Invisible harps shall glorify
The strife of yesterday!

REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

* Egbert de Mulinen had two sons, Albert and Egbert, who were victims of their attachment to the Duke John of Souabe, their legitimate master. They were beheaded at Fahrwangen, with a son of the former, yet a child. The castle of Mulinen was burnt and demolished; that of Wildenstein, which also belonged to them, was confiscated.

John de Halwyl, son of Walter, was one of the captains whom the sons of the Emperor Albert employed to revenge the death of his father. From him descended the Halwyls of the present day; the Mulinens descend from Paterman, who was killed in the wars of Bohemia.

WANDERINGS IN FRANCE.—NO. VIII.

A DAY AT MONTMORENCI.

It had been in contemplation for above a week, that all the society usually frequenting the house of one of the most amiable females in Paris should make an excursion to Montmorenci, to eat cherries in the valley, breathe the fine air of the woods, and hire donkeys; to convey us, at the rate of fifteen-pence the hour.

The day was fixed, and all the conveyances ready. Madame de Rosenville, however, had her landau fitted out; and she placed in it, with herself, one of her female friends, who had, it seems, taken her first lessons of *equitation* in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park and St. James's; two young officers, with very thick mustachios, were about to cut a singular appearance on their Jerusalem ponies; a magistrate drove a light tilbury, which he hired for the day; and a great monster of a lawyer was placed, with two ladies and an Englishman, in the ponderous hollow of a hired phæton, and very soon we were all on our way to this delightful place, rendered illustrious by the recollections of a host of shopkeepers, and noisy parties of pleasure.

The cheesecakes of St. Denis had taken off the first edge of our appetites; the towers of the cathedral, which contained the tombs of the Kings of France, occasioned some very commonplace remarks, which have been made often before; and amidst desultory conversation, bursts of laughter, and discussions on fashions and politics, we arrived at the end of our journey.

Shall I take an ass or a horse? This was the question every one put to himself. A host of men and women posted themselves at the carriage-doors, and set forth the merits of their Bucephaluses. A horse is sometimes restive, he might be in the habit of plunging; let us choose the humble eater of thistles. But who would venture to place himself on that ungraceful animal? Who can be afraid of getting on horseback?

After much hesitation and deliberation, every one, as it often happens, left the choice to chance. Madame de Rosenville jumped on a little white horse, as mettlesome as a charger, light as a fawn, and which would carry her along with the swiftness of lightning; her friend followed her example. A young person, who had never taken her chance in a horse-race, was carried, almost against her inclination, on a great animal, stiff in the legs; a very hard-trotting beast. The lawyer, little accustomed to equestrian paces, timidly crossed his legs over a donkey; his feet touched the ground, so that no one could decide whether it was the beast or the rider which had six legs. The remainder

belonging to this party of pleasure, threw themselves on the various four-legged conveyances they had chosen, and we proceeded on our way.

But, alas! our situation seemed desperate; dark clouds rolled over the firmament, and a tremendous rain had just inundated Montmorenci; we hastened for shelter, as fast as possible, under a cart-house, and it was a full hour before the heavens were pleased to authorise the innocent pleasures of us poor Parisians. At length the storm ceased, and the equestrian troop set off again.

Every one was accommodating and pleased with each other at the time of our departure from Paris; but what difficulties did we not meet with in our excursion! Some chose to walk their horses, others preferred a long trot. The asses could not keep up with the hurried pace of the horses, the ladies cried out that they should fall, the men exercised their whips and their switches, and a horrible confusion took place among the travellers. In a short time they found out that they had left at home the most generous of men, he who, more steady in his pleasures, and less affected by any kind of bustle, would willingly have taken upon himself the trouble of ordering dinner. Another oversight; they had not properly pointed out the road to a Parisian lady of fashion, who was to follow us after our departure. These mistakes must be remedied; the Englishman offered his services; but he served as a guide to a beautiful and sentimental female equestrian, who would not quit him; therefore both, out of pure politeness, returned together to the village to forward those who might come later.

Thus was the whole troop in confusion: the horses were in advance, the asses remained behind—they soon lost the track taken by those who went before: several roads presented themselves, and every one took that which he thought was the best. An hour after this last setting off, the caravan was dispersed in the woods, and on the highway, without knowing how they should ever find each other again.

But there is one guide to which young and old, men and women, asses and horses, equally yield obedience. Hunger preyed on every stomach; the fresh air of the woods, exercise, even pleasure itself, sharpened appetite; and, after some little hesitation, there was not a single one among all these spirited racers that did not think of meeting together at that famous *White Horse*, the scene of so many excellent repasts and joyous follies.

They were worst off who arrived there first; they experienced the torments of Tantalus: they were obliged to sit and contemplate a table ready set out, and to regale themselves by the smell only of the savoury ragouts from the kitchen, while they were languishing with hunger, and their jaws condemned to inaction. Dinner was not served up till the whole party were assembled together.

It was seven o'clock before we were all arrived: an excellent dinner made us forget all our fatigue. The poultry was remarkably fine, and was carved with wonderful despatch; the claret was of a superior kind; and the champagne imparted its pleasing gaiety, and a grain of lively folly even to the wisest head. At half an hour after nine we ascended our conveyances, enchanted with the day we had passed, and promising ourselves often to pay a visit to Montmorenci.

There was only one person who did not express a wish to that effect: it was the young and beautiful lady who had rode that great horse with the hard back-bone. Twenty times she expected to have been thrown off, and she was overwhelmed with fatigue; those who the next day beheld her, pale and suffering, were not surprised at her refusing to join us in a second excursion. S.

RECOLLECTIONS.

By the Author of "The Harp of Innisfail."

How often, at eve, when my heart is awake
To the purest of transports that memory brings,
Do I waft me away to my own distant lake,
That fancy may slumber and fold up her wings.
And the glorious visions my infancy knew,
That shone, with such hope, to my ignorant eyes,
Are again floating by, with the same sunny hue,
Which, in falsehood, they stole from some far summer skies,
But it is not the same, for a change hath passed o'er
That heart which they wronged and deluded in youth;
And their shadowy promise of glory no more
Can cheat me, to deem them the heralds of truth.
The laughter of youth's most immaculate hour,
And the eye in which beauty triumphantly rolled,
And the roses that wreathed love's beautiful bower,
And the ringlets that wantoned in splendour and gold;
The dim recollections of all that they were,
Hurries over my heart, like an aroma wind;
But that heart is asleep, and the hopes that sleep there
Are as hollow and false as the best of mankind!
Sweet hour of the evening, be ever to me
The same spirit of peace which at present thou art,
Until fading away in yon fathomless sea,
My soul from its prison of sorrows shall part.

MINIATURES.

"Portrait charmant, portrait de mon amie,
 Gage d'amour, par l'amour obtenu,
 Ah ! viens m'offrir un bien que j'ai perdu,
 Te voir encore me rappelle à la vie !"

I AM a great and an ardent admirer of this diminutive species of portrait-painting. Portraits of a larger size may represent the renowned hero, the brave warrior, or the accomplished statesman—may bring to our view persons distinguished by their talents or their virtues; and, when intended to represent the common class of mortals, may adorn the drawing-room or the gallery, and attract the transient notice of the stranger, or the more attentive and kindly observation of the friend:—but miniatures are generally connected with deeper and more permanent feelings: they are often memorials of former blissful hours—they are often tokens of present affection, and harbingers of future anticipated happiness. I can look with wonder and admiration on the former, I can praise the ability displayed in their execution, and the excellence of the resemblance conveyed in them; but I regard the latter with far different and more pleasing ideas. I know they are less frequently the offspring of that vain conceit and self-esteem which excite in us the desire of having a likeness of our own dear selves, which will only, after all, serve as a short-lived wonder, and elicit the usual inanimate round of those criticising and flattering exclamations which always attend the first inspection of a family picture. These, however, are not so often subjected to inspection, or, at least, are so only to that of the select few with whom we are in the habits of intimacy. They are hoarded up, and kept in sacred privacy, like the domestic divinities of the ancients; and even, for this reason alone, I can conjure up into my mind a world of associations, buoyant and delightful, as well as pensive and dismal, which imagination unites with them. When I give way to the airy power of fancy, on beholding that resemblance of a young and charming girl, whose beauty is set off by her archness, but whose liveliness, nevertheless, appears so becoming through the general modesty of her look, I can imagine it to be that gift of gifts, which she presented to her adorer, after a variety of excuses and refusals, each, however, calculated to enhance the value of the eagerly-desired prize, and each spoken in a manner which seemed to intimate a wish that he would repeat his request; all mingled, perhaps, with that little artful and malicious, yet playful and innocent—that teasing, yet engaging, spirit of coquetry, which is more or less inherent in the bosom of every female. But, should

I turn to that other picture, which exhibits a countenance as fair as this! but—oh, the difference!—tinged with melancholy and languor, and rendered pallid by disease, I can imagine it to be the last farewell offering of a dying maiden to her distracted lover, before her spirit winged its way to purer regions and to holier climes. But, perhaps, some one may ask, “Would not full-sized portraits be as capable of exciting tender recollection, and would they not be as beautiful monuments of former felicity?” Truly, I believe they would!—But then, miniatures are like pocket editions of favourite authors, and possess their advantages too, for we can observe and carry them about with us upon all occasions, without ever finding them troublesome or inconvenient. On them we can gaze in solitude, unobtruded upon by the stare of curiosity, or the sneers of malevolence; for these, alas! do sometimes violate the sacredness of sorrow, and open afresh the wounds of mourning sensibility. The lover, in tender and faithful remembrance of his departed mistress, may conceal her image in his bosom, safe from the inquiring eyes and impertinent remarks of others: and, stealing from the giddy throng into the retirement of his closet, bewail, without interruption, over this cherished memento of his woe, the evanescence of his fondest hopes, and call up numberless recollections of that bliss which once illumined the horizon of his existence, but which is now passed away for ever. While contemplating in private her beloved form, he may yield himself up to melancholy yet soothing ideas (for “there is an avarice in grief, and a luxury in woe,”) until he can almost fancy he again beholds her gentle features, and is once more blessed with a sight of that glance and smile, which always beamed brightest and sweetest on him; and he may indulge in this delicious dream, till he is roused to the bitter reality of his lost and lonely state—

“And from Elysium’s balmy slumber torn,
His startled soul awakes to think and mourn.”

Laying aside these ideas, which, however congenial, as they doubtless must be, to many, may perchance appear romantic, extravagant, and ridiculous to others, I will just mention, in conclusion, a reason or two, which may help still further to account for and vindicate my predilection, and induce some, who have hitherto differed from me, also to entertain it. Every one, it will be allowed, wishes to appear as handsome and as fascinating as possible; and in assisting this *laudable desire*, this *pigmy* class of pictures, if I may so express myself, possesses many advantages which those of the larger one do not. In the last, each

striking deformity, every strange defect in one's air or appearance, must be brought to view, or else the poor painter is accused of flattery, and a want of truth in his performance. Now in the first, many of these difficulties are evidently obviated. The crabbed old gentleman may have much of the harshness of his features softened down—the forlorn single lady of “a certain age,” who has waited “too, too long already,” in the expectation of hearing some enamoured swain pour forth to her his tale of love, may have her wrinkles nearly concealed, and—oh, joyous thought!—the monstrous mole on her cheek omitted, which even she has ceased to think interesting, and which others have all along considered frightful. The affected damsel, upon whose face that destroyer of beauty, the small pox, has committed its ravages—(thank Heaven! these scarred frontispieces are not so numerous in these days as in those of yore!)—may look tolerable without any very great sacrifice of sincerity on the part of the artist. Nay, even “in the last, though not in the least place,” when pourtrayed in this style, loveliness itself beams forth more lovely, since it seems less earthly, and acquires, as it were, an ethereal aspect from the softness and delicacy of the colours, together with the fairy-like appearance which pervades it. This, I should think, is alone a sufficiently strong argument to defend and justify my preference. It *must* be effectual in bringing over to my side many a convert from among those whose beauties are thus so often depicted, and who, if they were always as reasonable as beautiful, as consistent as engaging, would—indeed they would be—*angels*!

J. S.

STANZAS.

I saw him smile—but 'twas amid the storm
Of Fortune, and the wreck of Splendour, when
Gaunt Poverty upreared her giant form,
And the vile calumny of worse than men
Sought from its height a tow'ring soul to shake.
He smiled—but 'twas the struggle of a proud,
A master spirit; of the envious crowd
That every effort foiled, a yielding sigh to wake.
He wept—the mighty mind was humbled low—
But, oh! 'twas when the hand of Friendship raised
The fallen fabric of his hopes. On woe,
On blighted joys, the man unnerved had gazed.
But when the sun-beams of fair Truth away
Chased the dark mists of error, and again
Exalted him, o'erflowing feeling then
The softness of his soul compelled him to betray.

CHARLES M.

MUSICAL TOURS.

It was ten o'clock at night when I got into the mail which runs from Vienna to Prague, and by the time we entered upon the plains of Bohemia I felt anxious to know who were my travelling companions. I immediately found out from one of them that he was a Saxon baron, now returning to his country after a long residence in Italy. My two other fellow-travellers—a man and a woman—preserved an unbroken silence, and it was some time before I discovered that I was in company with two compatriots. What I was able to learn and guess of their condition and their motives for travelling is too curious to be passed over in silence. It was amusing to see the surprise of the Saxon, when—after much probing and a strict cross-examination, which English taciturnity, or rather non-communicativeness, rendered necessary—he learned that they had left London only six weeks before; had landed at Arnheim; had travelled through Francfort to Darmstadt, Stuttgart, Ulm, Munich, Passau; had then descended the Danube to Vienna; and were now on their way to Dresden and Berlin, with the intention of hastening from thence, through Leipzig and Cassel, to embark at Ostend and return to England! Six weeks only had passed since they had left London, and in six weeks more they intended to have performed the whole of their immense journey!

“Can you deny,” said the baron to me, “that the English are mad? Here are two people, a brother and a sister, to whom every *florin* they spend is evidently an object of calculation, but who have left their country to traverse, as fast as the coaches can carry them, foreign nations of which they scarcely understand the language! Are not the English incontestibly mad?”

What could I answer to an appeal backed by such argument? I desired him, nevertheless, to defer his judgment, as, perhaps, we might hereafter, and by dint of *probing*, find out that these, my two country-people, had some rational motive for their apparently irrational journey. And so it was: for, from his passport, it was discovered that the gentleman was an “*étudiant en musique*,” while a few half-spoken words, and the general turn of her conversation, led us to conclude that his sister was travelling in search of information in the same harmonious line.

Their journey was not, therefore, so very irrational; for it must be admitted that our German neighbours are very superior to us in the science of music. The art is much more extensively cultivated amongst them than in England; and the German artist is an enthusiast in his profession: he does not look to emo-

lument, at least until he arrives at Dover, and therefore the perfection of a charming science is sought more ardently in Germany than any where else. The musical student should therefore pay an early visit to Vienna ; and, considering the numbers who go expressly for no other purpose but the study of harmony, it is surprising that we have so few musical tours in our libraries. "Rambles amongst the Musicians of Germany," is, I believe, the best musical tour which has issued from the press since the late Dr. Burney's Account of his Musical Travels in Germany. These had been preceded by his Italian Expedition. Taken together, they exhibit a correct view of the state of music towards the middle of the last century in those territories. They are written with liveliness, in an easy style, and every page of them discovers the good taste and good humour of the author. Doctor Burney's travels were undertaken with a view to collect materials for the History of Music, upon which he was then employed, and which was published some years afterwards. It had been preceded by that of Sir John Hawkins. Never did histories or historians differ more : Dr. Burney was full of taste, full of imagination ; a partizan of the modern school of music, and living among its professors ; but not insensible of the merit of the ancient academy. To the merit of his Italian contemporaries and their immediate predecessors, Sir John Hawkins was quite blind. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Purcell and Handel ; he did not, however, overrate their excellence ; but he was unjust to that of others. His work is written in a very low style ; it is heavy throughout, but it contains some interesting matter ; and preserves from total oblivion the memory of some persons who should not be totally forgotten. Dr. Burney was a much more lively writer : his general learning was much greater than that of Sir John Hawkins ; and with the theory and practice of his art, he was much more acquainted ; his flippant sallies sometimes excite a smile, but almost any thing is better than the leading pages of the rival. From the histories of both, and some which, since their publication, have appeared both in France and Italy, a good history of music might now be framed without difficulty.

The "Rambles amongst the Musicians of Germany" abound in anecdote and useful criticism. Speaking of church music, the author says :—"On Sunday afternoon as I entered the cathedral doors, the responses of an imploring Gregorian litany were going forward. There was such a hearty irresistible earnestness in one of the *risés* of this fervent old melody, that I could hardly

wonder at the obstreperous devotion of a man near me, who almost yearned himself into a fit, as he sung it ; at every succeeding ' *Libera nos, domine,*' his transport became more exquisite. A monk who knelt before him would have made a picture for Rembrandt ; the saint-like calmness of his face, his rich beard, his loose drapery, his fingers wandering mechanically among his beads, without singing or even appearing to pray, he looked so rapt, his eye so immoveable, that I fancied the presence of one of those holy fathers whom the painters have represented as ripe for a celestial vision."

This observation is very just ; I wish it had led the author to explain to his readers the real nature and peculiarities of the *Gregorian* melody, especially as the pages dedicated by Sir John Hawkins and Dr. Burney to this subject are very unsatisfactory. Gregorian melody is arranged under eight tones : the two first somewhat correspond with the modern key of *d* with a minor third ; the third tone, with the modern key of *c* with a minor third ; the fourth tone, with the modern key of *a* with a minor third ; the fifth and sixth, with the modern key of *f* with a major third ; the seventh and eighth, with the modern key of *g*. But the correspondence is very imperfect in every key ; for the Gregorian system only admits the *natural gamut*, with an occasional flat or sharp of the flat seventh of that key. Thus, the fifth and sixth tones only have a sharp seventh. Still the melody is pleasing, and the modulation from one key to another is often strikingly beautiful. The want of the sharp seventh makes an organ accompaniment of it very difficult, unless the organist sets himself above the rule by introducing it : this all modern organists do ; they gain something by it ; but a Gregorian melody so accompanied loses the peculiar sound, and nearly becomes a modern air. I am a decided advocate for confining the music of the churches to very simple melodies : I agree with the celebrated John Wesley, that music in parts should be banished from churches ; or that if it should be admitted, all the voices should sound the same syllable, and that one syllable should never have more than one note.

R.

IMPROMPTU.

As a sunbeam in winter breaks through the thick clouds,
And gleams on the dull sombre landscape awhile ;
Thus hope bursts the veil that my spirits enshrouds,
And soothes for a moment my woes with its smile :—
Pale, sickly, and wan is the beam while it stays—
And hope but a faint and brief pleasure can raise.

OCTOBER, 1829.

X

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

"ANOTHER, and another still succeeds," and each month teems with new efforts of mind which demand our applause. If the productions of the press since our last Number have been less abundant than formerly, they are, nevertheless, neither deficient in value nor interest. Amongst them, "Crombie's Natural Theology" deserves a foremost place: it is the work of a great intellect, and has for its object the good of the human race. To "justify the ways of God to man" is a delightful task; and the subject is so intimately connected with sublime speculations and philosophical inquiries, that it interests every thinking being, notwithstanding the seeming repulsiveness of questions somewhat abstruse. In the work before us, the sincere ardour and noble eloquence of the writer enchains attention; and while his labours are calculated to impress the mind with awe and reverence, his descriptions of the works of God awaken feelings of delight and reverence. Paley's work on the same subject is to be found in every library; Dr. Crombie's book ought to find a place beside it.

The affairs now transacting in the east attract public attention to the situation of the Ottoman empire, its rise, and probable annihilation. Every thing connected with the subject has at this moment acquired new value, and books relating to the Mahomedans are read with avidity. Authors and publishers appear eager to gratify so laudable a curiosity; for we have had, within the last few months, abundance of travels and histories, all illustrative of Turkish manners and Mahomedan proceedings. Several of these we have already noticed, and have now on our table "A History of the Rise of the Mahomedan Power in India till the year A. D. 1612; translated from the original Persian of Mahomed Kasim Ferishta," by Lieutenant-Colonel Briggs. The rise of the Mahomedan power in India commenced in 977, and its progress, which was marked by barbarous cruelty, was consummated in the blood of millions. Those who can endure details of wild ferocity and semi-barbarous legislation may easily gratify their taste in these volumes; but the more timid, if they look into them at all, will pass rapidly over accounts of battles and conspiracies, and dwell only on the very curious anecdotes with which they abound. One of these we must transfer to our pages: Mahmood Shah had a taste for poetry, and was a munificent patron. Hafiz, the celebrated Persian poet, was desirous of paying him a visit, which coming to the king's knowledge, he sent him large presents, and an assurance of safe conduct. Hafiz,

from these assurances, set out on his voyage to India, but was driven back by a storm; and, unwilling to trust himself again to the treacherous ocean, he contented himself with transmitting to Mahmood Shah the following copy of verses:

"Can all the gold the world bestows,
Though poured by Fortune's bounteous hand,
Repay me for the joys I lose,
The breezes of my native land?
"My friends exclaimed, 'Oh! stay at home,
Nor quit this once-beloved spot:
What folly tempts thee thus to roam—
To quit Shiraz—desert thy cot?
"Yon royal court will ill repay,
Though all its gorgeous wealth be given,
The blessings which you cast away,
Health and content, the gifts of heaven.'
"The glare of gems confused my sight—
The ocean's roar I ne'er had heard;
But now that I can feel aright,
I freely own how I have erred.
"Though splendid promises were made,
How could I such a dotard prove,
How could I leave my natal glade,
Its wines, and all the friends I love?
"Hafiz abjures the royal court—
Let him but have content and health;
For what to him can gold import,
Who scorns the paths of worldly wealth?"

When Feiz Oolla received this poem, he read it to the king, who was much pleased; and observed, that as Hafiz had set out with the intention of visiting him, he felt it incumbent not to leave him without proofs of his liberality. He therefore intrusted a thousand pieces of gold to Mahomed Kasim Meshidy, one of the learned men at Koolburga, to purchase whatsoever, among the productions of India, was likely to prove most acceptable, in order to send them to the poet at Shiras.

In the lighter departments of literature we have had a second volume of "Wilmot Warwick," and a second volume of "Parriana."

Like its predecessor, this volume of "Wilmot Warwick" contains some tolerable tales and indifferent sketches. The writer is not devoid of talent, but his merits are obscured by his affectation. "Parriana" is the production of Mr. Barker, of Thetford, Norfolk, who had the honour of being one of Dr. Parr's pupils. His opportunity of collecting information he has, in this and the former volume, turned to good account. "Parriana" furnished

us with many pleasing anecdotes of a very learned and a very eccentric scholar.

To these works we must add, "Private Life, or Varieties of Character and Opinion," by the author of "Geraldine," and "Sketches of Irish Character," by Mrs. S. C. Hall.

Both these works are highly creditable to the female intellect of our times, and are calculated to put to shame those who impugn the capacity of the sex. The first indicates a close intimacy with subjects the most abstruse, but it is, at the same time, filled with useful and important inquiries. The tone of feeling and morality is, as might be expected, correct, and the little pictures of female manners and domestic life are hit off with an enviable happiness of thought and expression. The second is written in imitation of "Our Village," by Miss Mitford, but is, nevertheless, full of originality. Mrs. Hall describes a simple people, of peculiar habits and manners, totally unlike the habits and manners of the generality of the Irish. They are the remnant of an Anglo-Saxon colony settled on an extreme point of the county of Wexford, at the time when Alfred was compelled by the Danes to take refuge in the wilds of Athelney. They have preserved their language and their independence; and though Bannow, the inhabitants of which Mrs. Hall describes, is some distance from the barony of Forth, where the Saxon is still spoken, the good people in that district retain enough of the idiom to show that they sprung from the same parent stock. Mrs. Hall's sketches are lively and instructive, and possess abundant interest to make them popular.

The Rev. G. Frognall Dibdin has published a second edition of "A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany." It is less lavishly embellished than the former one, but its attractions are still considerable. The matter, however, is better calculated to interest the biblioplist and the antiquary than to amuse the desultory reader. Parts of the work, however, are sufficiently entertaining to tempt even the fairest hands to open it; and if she be curious about ancient dresses, the engravings will amply gratify her.

"Some Account of the Life of Reginald Heber, D. D. Bishop of Calcutta," has been published, and, though brief, is interesting, as every thing relating to this virtuous prelate really is. The writer's information is derived from obvious sources, and his memoir may well satisfy the public until the appearance of that authentic life promised by Bishop Heber's widow.

It is the critic's province, like other good-humoured persons,

to be perpetually turning from "gay to grave, from lively to severe;" and we had no sooner laid down the memoirs of a sedate and learned prelate than our eye rested on "The Epping Hunt," by Thomas Hood, illustrated with six engravings after designs by George Cruikshank. We have not met any thing so decidedly and legitimately humorous since the appearance of "Whims and Oddities." "The Epping Hunt," however, is of a superior character to that publication; the illustrations are by the Hogarth of the day; and, while they are calculated to tempt a Quaker into laughter, they deserve to be studied, by persons of taste, as works of art. The poem details the incidents which befall a citizen of London at the Epping hunt. The sportsman kept a warehouse

"Hard by the church of Bow."

And

"Six days a-week beheld him stand,
His business next his heart,
At counter with his apron tied
About his counter-part."

He was a very comfortable man until something put Epping in his head.

"Alas! there was no warning voice
To whisper in his ear,
Thou art a fool in leaving *Cheap*
To go and hunt the *deer*!"

"No thought he had of twisted spine,
Or broken arms or legs;
Not *chicken-hearted* he, although
'Twas whispered of his *eggs*!"

"Ride out he would, and hunt he would,
Nor dreamt of ending ill;
Mayhap with Dr. *Ridout's* fee
And surgeon *Hunter's* bill.

"So he drew on his Sunday boots,
Of lustre superfine;
The liquid black they wore that day
Was *Warren*-ted to shine."

Surely here are puns enough, one would think, for a poem of thirty pages, but they are not the tithe of those to be found in "The Epping Hunt."

The second volume of "Guy Mannering," being the fourth of the new edition of the Waverley Novels, has been published. It is to be followed by "The Antiquary," in the preface to which will be some curious details.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.—NO. V.

YOUR letters, my dear Julia, are as gloomy as the weather they describe ; and while your account of floods, fogs, and torrents, reconciles me to London during this unfashionable season, I regret that I have little to communicate calculated to banish that *ennui* which is, I fear, devouring you. I trust, however, as the weather reforms, that your spirits will brighten ; and if this letter be short, I can promise you that my next shall amply atone for any deficiency in length.

Drury Lane opens this evening, and Covent Garden on Monday next ; but under circumstances not very flattering to its friends. Owing to a spirit of litigation which exists amongst the proprietors, this vast property has been on the verge of ruin ; and it has been rescued, I know not for how long, from the auctioneer's hammer, by the liberality of individuals. A subscription was opened for the purpose ; but the public seem to have thought that, as the theatre was private property, its management concerned only those to whom it of right belonged ; for the amount of donations is miserably small, notwithstanding Mr. George Robins's eloquence. Respecting the success of the speculation many entertain doubts ; the theatrical taste has declined in Europe ; and Mr. Price, the lessee of Drury Lane, seems to think it proceeds from the high price of admission ; for he has reduced the price to the boxes to six shillings. Perhaps the spirit evinced by the proprietors of the minor theatres has led to this resolution. Others attribute the failure of the large theatres to the improprieties permitted in the saloons and lobbies, and this is probable. They are, therefore, to be reformed altogether, and nothing in future is to be permitted that can offend the most delicate eye or the most acute ear.

Although the west end is deserted, there is, east of Temple Bar, nothing which indicates the absence of citizens. The flood of life flows as rapidly as ever through St. Paul's ; and the shops on Ludgate Hill wear as gay an appearance as they did last May.

The different annuals have been announced as in a state of great forwardness ; and their pictorial claims promise to be of a very decided character. The contributions are, as usual, by nearly all the literati of the day ; Sir Walter Scott furnishes an article to the " Keepsake," and Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon are too valuable not to have been importuned by *all* the editors. The " Amulet" is in a state of great forwardness ; and among the illustrations will be an engraving, from the king's picture, of an English cottage, by Mulready ; another from Wilkie's painting of



WALKING DRESS.

DINNER DRESS.

ENGLISH COSTUME FOR OCTOBER, 1829.



DINNER DRESS.

WALKING DRESS.

FRENCH COSTUME FOR OCTOBER, 1829.

the "Dorty Bairn;" another from a drawing by Martin, from the burin of Le Keux, for which, it is stated, the engraver received the unprecedented sum of one hundred and eighty guineas.

Among the contributors are Mr. Banim, Dr. Walsh, and L. E. L.; in addition to a host of others.

The Diorama still attracts crowds of visitors, and the Colosseum is near being completed. The only novelty in the way of exhibition is a panorama of Constantinople, in the Strand. If the painting be accurate, and no doubt it is, the capital of Turkey must be a beautiful place.

Yours, &c.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

WALKING DRESS.

A DRESS of stone-coloured gros de Naples, with a broad hem round the border of the skirt, headed by three rouleaux. The body made partially low, with sleeves *à la Mameluke*, confined at the wrists by two broad gold bracelets. A full trimming round the tucker part of the bust, the same as the dress. A fichu of fine Booka muslin is worn under the dress, with a double lace ruff round the throat. The bonnet is of Leghorn, trimmed with satin riband of a celestial-blue.

DINNER DRESS.

A dress of white satin, with one broad, fluted flounce, bound and headed by pink satin; and surmounted by detached ornaments of embossed pink satin, representing erect foliage, like that of the pine-apple. The corsage is *à l'Edith*, with a gold brooch in the centre of the drapery in front, in the form of a Maltese cross, with a Ceylon ruby in the middle. The sleeves are of white satin, short and full. The *coiffeure* consists of a dress hat of white crape trimmed with white satin riband, and the plumage is formed of two tails of the bird-of-paradise.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

The month of September is often remarked for its sterility in fashionable inventions; and the greater part of that month, in 1829, has borne so rugged a feature, that winter clothing seemed preferable to that of summer. Hope, however, which "never quits us," causes us to look forward for some cheering days among those of October; a few new fashions have been prepared for that month with that hope, and which are in a very elegant style for the *demi-saison*.

The pelisses are of satin, gros de Naples, or gros des Indes; these latter, as well as the satin, are chiefly confined to the carriage. We cannot say that we find any great novelty in their

make ; they either fasten down, imperceptibly, under a ruche, or are closed by rosettes ; in the centre of which is a small gilt buckle : they are often made with a pelerine cape. Square shawls of real cashmere, or very beautiful imitations of them from our own manufactures, are very favourite out-door envelopes.

Flowers are more seen in bonnets than they have been for these two months past ; we have seen two or three with very elegant wreaths ; others, where the branches have gracefully drooped on one side, from the crown to the edge of the brim ; and one we saw, which was lately finished for a lady of rank, where the bonnet was of white crape, lined with points of white riband with green chequers ; large bows of which ornamented the crown and brim, and in front was a diadem of every kind of flower the garden can produce, clustered together in great profusion. As there is now no country which can equal the English manner of making artificial flowers, we are always glad to see them in fashion ; they employ a number of industrious females, and are the most appropriate emblems of youth and loveliness. The bonnets are short at the ears, which renders them, in spite of their size, universally becoming ; they have the brims finished in the capote style, in divided flutings, stiffened with whalebone ; this mode causes those bonnets which are made of plain white gros de Naples not to appear so well as the coloured silk or satin bonnets ; the puckering gives a heaviness and a dead-white appearance to the brim, which, if the complexion is not very good, imparts a dusky shade to it, and the silk has a semblance to white cambric. Bonnets of a very bright azure blue, or of yellow satin, are much admired. Cottage bonnets of fine Leghorn are yet worn in the morning walks ; they have coloured linings, and a white lace veil is often worn with them. The ribands on hats and bonnets are generally striped, or chequered in small hair stripes ; these latter are of delicate colours ; the striped ribands are still of gauze, with very rich satin stripes, all of the same colour, and answering to those of the hat : all the bonnets project very much in front, and are in the shape of that called the French poke-bonnet, but are shorter at the ears ; otherwise the very broad blond with which they are often trimmed, would, when adopted by a lady whose throat was not very long, lie on the shoulders.

The bodice of the dresses are chiefly made *à l'Edith*, or in a kind of mediūm between the *Roxalane* and the *Sevigné*. Fringes of very beautiful workmanship now become more general as trimmings, and form a beautiful finish to a dress. Gowns for

half dress have generally a pelerine of the same, and this, when of gros de Naples, has a wintry appearance for the autumnal season. We are glad, however, to see the embroidered tulle pelerines, trimmed with fine lace or blond, taking place of the heavy-looking muslin; which, however fine in texture, or how exquisite soever may be the embroidery, have always an appearance of deshabille. Wrapping dresses, of the pelisse kind, are universally adopted in the morning; they are generally, now, of printed muslin, or chintz: a double falling collar of embroidered muslin is usually worn with these dresses. Dresses of shot silk, at dinner parties, have appeared, and are expected to be very general through October; the changes effected by the different mixtures are very beautiful. These dresses are bordered by two rows of Spanish points, bound with the colour of one of the shades. Dresses of slate-coloured gros de Naples are very fashionable in *demi-parure*; these, when worn at social dinner parties, are trimmed with fringe; in home costume, for the afternoon, they have two flounces round the border, and a pelerine over the shoulders, left open in front. The petticoats are still worn very short and full, and are fully plaited round the waist, giving to the figure, especially if short, a Dutch doll-like appearance: however, we are happy to say we do not find these extremes among those belonging to the very higher classes, who generally have good sense enough to take the advice of an intelligent *marchande de modes* by moderately keeping to the fashion, yet adapting it to their features, form, and figure. A petticoat of dark chintz, or of gros de Naples, with a muslin canezou spencer, is a favourite home costume. A very splendid dress of white blond, to be worn over white satin, has been despatched to a distant county, amongst the paraphernalia of a young bride of fashion and fortune. A ball dress, also, of elegantly painted gauze, trimmed with blond, was well worthy of admiration. It is expected that these beautiful gauzes will be much in fashion for the autumnal dress balls; at present, there is nothing new in this style of *parure* since our last accounts.

Dress hats, generally the favourite *coiffeure* for matrons in the country, are of white satin, trimmed elegantly with blond, or of white crape, trimmed with satin: the plumage worn with these hats is of the most light and tasteful kind; it consists of a great number of very short white feathers, disposed in such a way as to play gracefully over the crown and brim, without being in the way, and rendering the hat a beautiful head-dress for the dinner party, to which a lady has, perhaps, some miles to go in her car-

riage. The caps are made of very broad blond, with the borders turned back, and the flowers lying on the hair; this is no novelty; turban caps, made very much in the same style, of gauze or tulle, in bias, are more admired for evening head-dresses; they are very elegantly ornamented with full blond flowers on the temples, and on the caul, and very broad lappets of doubled-tulle in bias, of two colours sewn together, float over the shoulders. Young persons begin to add flowers to their head-dresses of hair: they are of a bright, yet rather of a wintry, hue. The hair is arranged in bandeaux or plaits across the upper part of the forehead, and in curls on each side of the face; and the bows on the summit of the head much elevated.

The colours most in request are slate-colour, lilac, cherry-colour, pink, ethereal-blue, jonquil, and geranium.

Modes de Paris.

FRENCH DINNER DRESS.

A dress of white organdy, trimmed at the border with a broad bias hem, notched at the head, and richly embroidered. Body, finished in front with Circassian drapery: sleeves *à l'imbecille*, open at the insides of the arm, and closed again by gold buttons, set at separate and equal distances. The sleeves confined at the wrists by bracelets of white and gold enamel. A dress hat of crape, lined with cherry-coloured satin, and ornamented with blond, and white esprits. Necklace of rubies and diamonds, with ruby ear-pendants.

WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of plum-coloured gros de Naples, with a broad hem round the border, headed by two rouleaux; and where the pelisse closes down the front, from the throat to the feet, it is trimmed with fluting of the same colour and material as the dress. The sleeves are *à l'imbecille*, with a fluted, triple ruffle-cuff, confined next the wrist by a gold bracelet, fastened by a Cameo. The mancherons are fluted to correspond with the trimming down the skirt. A quadruple ruff of narrow lace encircles the throat. The bonnet is of a colour between the rose and the marshmallow-blossom, but brighter than the murrey, which, however, it much resembles: it is trimmed with ribands of the same hue. Half-boots are worn with this dress, of ethereal-blue kid.

STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS, IN SEPTEMBER, 1829.

The late preparations for the marriage of the Queen of Spain gave the *marchandes de modes* of Paris an opportunity of displaying their taste in the various articles of the toilet on that brilliant



DINNER DRESS.

WALKING DRESS.

FRENCH COSTUME FOR OCTOBER, 1839.



occasion. Amongst the most splendid was a velvet mantle, bordered all round by large wheat-sheaves in gold and pearls. Other mantles were also of gold and silver tissue.

These were for court-dresses alone; the gowns were such as ladies of rank may have in more constant wear.

One dress of white, clear organdy, bordered by a broad hem, had a wreath of green foliage, formed of gauze *gauffrée*, just above it: this, however, was intended for a ball dress.

Muslin dresses are trimmed by three flounces, the centre one in small plaits, the others in flutings.

The sleeves begin to decrease in width, especially at the small of the arm, and display to advantage the beautiful Mechlin lace of which the ruffles are formed, which still terminate the cuff, at the upper part, and ascend towards the arm. Ball dresses are frequently seen of crape, of a bright rose-colour. A pointed corsage of lemon-coloured satin has been seen on a white dress. The sleeves were long and of white tulle, as well as a *colerette* which was double, one falling over the other. A dress of gros de Naples, the colour oriental-green, is much admired at evening parties: it is trimmed with feather-fringe, as high as the knee. Dresses of organdy white, embroidered with colours, were in high favour at the latter end of September, for every style where a certain *parure* was required.

At the last ball at Ranelagh, a young lady had her hair arranged in two separate bands, which were so light they were almost transparent. At the summit of the head there was no longer seen that disgusting appearance of the skin of the head which is always unpleasant to the sight; but here were three bows or puffs, in three different stages; in the front of these were three Dahlias, placed obliquely. Garden-daisies are often mingled among the tresses; and sometimes the flowers of the laurel-rose are disposed in such a manner as to imitate the arched tail of the bird-of-paradise. Others wear on their heads flowers with long stalks, forming an *aigrette*.

At the ball above spoken of many ladies were very splendidly dressed; one young lady wore on her hair a superb ornament of topazes, with ear-rings, necklace, and bracelets of the same golden-coloured gems, which were of the purest and most valuable kind. A wreath of green foliage, with winter-cherries, is a favourite ornament on the head at evening parties.

Gauze ribands on hats are beginning to decline in favour; the bows are now of satin riband, even on satin bonnets; several

bonnets have black blond at the edge of the brim. Feathers are said to be placed on hats *à l'Anglaise*, when there are three in a vertical direction, in front, on account of the three feathers, called the Prince of Wales's plume. Some hats of gros de Naples, and those of crape, are trimmed round the crown, from the summit to the base, with blond; and between these two falling trimmings of blond is a branch of white bird-weed, disposed in a serpentine direction; this kind of hat is all white. Straw-coloured hats of gauze are often lined with green. The straw bonnets, called *English*, do not decrease in favour by any means; but both hats and bonnets are now most admired when of satin: on the hats are striped ribands, the stripes the same colour as the ground, and of rich satin. The brims of the bonnets are very long. Hats of coloured gros de Naples, or of crape, have, on the summit of the crown, to the right or to the left, a long branch of flowers, falling down towards the brim on the opposite side: these have rosettes of gauze riband.

The riding-habits are very elegant; the last which appeared on an English lady, we find has been copied, by the Parisian belles, with some little alteration: this, now in favour at Paris, is of an emerald-green, and is of the new material, named Greek *chaly*: the bust is ornamented across with Brandenburgs; and a chemisette is worn underneath, from whence is a falling collar, trimmed with Alençon point-lace, and fastened in front by an emerald button. A black hat, though it does not tie down in the gipsy style, yet it is fastened under the chin, on the left side, by an emerald button.

Large square shawls of cashmere are very favourite envelopes in out-door costume. The pelerines and wrapping pelisses differ but little since our last accounts; the only novelty in the manner of trimming the pelisses will be found in our engraving of a French walking dress.

The ladies' gloves have now two button-holes worked at the wrists, and are fastened with two buttons as large as a sixpence each.

Keys are suspended to the chains worn round the neck, and these keys contain a pencil.

Half-boots are fringed round the top, and some silk stockings have a fringe marked out, just where the boot terminates round the leg.

The colours most in favour are emerald-green, slate-colour, yellow, cherry-colour, and purple.





MISS PHILLIPS.

Drawn by Wageman. Engraved by Maddocks.

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